THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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LOVE SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

A song I sing,
A song of sunny days
When Summer holds her solstice in the North,
And sunshine lights the forest maze,
Where grow the mosses soft to my love's feet,
And where the woodbine droops and flowers blow
To greet his sense with perfumes faint that flow
When zephyrs hover with their lispings sweet.

A song I sing,
I know not which most sweet,
To feel he loves me, or the loving him,
Till heart leaps at the coming of his feet,
And crimson lips with crimson kisses glow,
That he may drink, with mouth all nectar sweet,
And gaze deep in mine eyes, his smile replete
With tender glories since he loves me so!

All day the linnet sings,
All day I join his happy carolling;
But eve brings starlight and the thrushes' call,
Brings silence sweet, and love upon its wing,
Brings me of his divinest smile the light,
The flutter of his heart, the clasp of hand,
Love of more worth than ships from Samarcand,
And music of his voice within the night.

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

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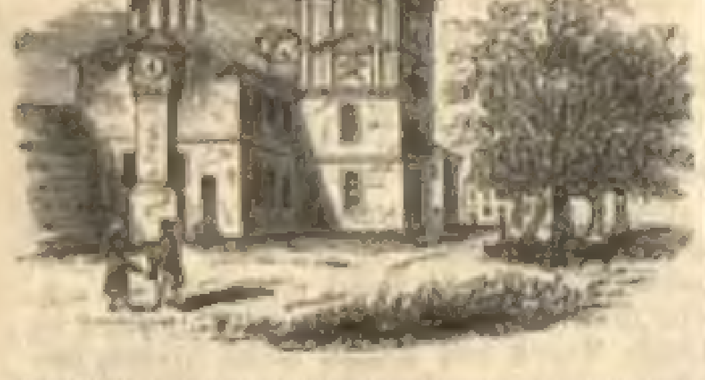
PART FIRST.



WALNUT STREET FRONT OF THE STATE HOUSE IN 1776.

From an old Print of the Period.

This gives the appearance of the shorter steeple, the more stately one having been taken down in 1774, as being insecure. A huge clock was upon each gable of the building, as shown in the engraving.

CHAPTER IX.

We hear the slow and solemn steps of Doom
Approaching through the corridors of Time.
They echo through our dreams.

The young people persevered in their projected visit to Madame Dumont, notwithstanding Mrs. Pemberton's sensible objection. For Helen and André, anything of the kind had a peculiar fascination; while Pemberton regarded Divination as a curious study, and worthy of sufficient investigation to ascertain whether there was even a single spark of light-giving fire among such thick volumes of smoke. Isabella was very much of Mrs. Pemberton's opinion—but, if the others went, she would go also.

They went by appointment. And Pemberton had taken great care that the alleged sorceress should not have the slightest intimation as to who would constitute the party. He had even loaned André one of his own coats in order that it might not be known that he was a soldier.

The night was dark and gusty when they set forth, with some indications in the west of an approaching storm. But as all the arrangements had been made, and as the ladies had arrayed themselves in their oldest and commonest dresses, in order to conceal even their social rank, they cared comparatively little for a drenching.

Philadelphia, at that time, though the largest and wealthiest city in the colonies, contained only about 30,000 inhabitants. It was built up tolerably compactly along the Delaware from South to Callowhill street, and as far west as Fourth street; beyond Fourth—the houses were few and scattered. The State House and Walnut street jail were on the outskirts. The streets were generally unpaved, and to a great degree unlighted—lanterns being carried at night by the citizens when necessary. Dock creek ran up into and through the heart of the city, requiring numerous bridges. At one time there were as many as a dozen of them. It was a totally different place from the well-paved, well-lighted, immense city of to-day.

Madame Dumont had taken a house out Walnut street, several squares beyond the yard of the State House. Whether she had chosen it purposely or not, it was a house of evil repute, inasmuch as it had the reputation of being haunted. It had been the residence of a man whose wife had been murdered—by whom, no one knew. He said, by robbers. He was himself suspected, but the case never came to trial, for want of proof. The fortune-teller obtained it cheaply, for no one else would live in it. Probably its reputation was also an inducement to her. It was calculated to surround her with an atmosphere of the supernatural.

It was after eight o'clock when our party set out. The evening, as we have said, was dark and gusty; and they made their way over the uneven side-paths, up Chestnut street, over the Dock creek bridge, and then along Fourth to Walnut. Turning up Walnut, they entered into almost the open country. Passing along the high stone wall of the State House yard—the latter then full of cedar bushes, its stately elms and other noble trees as yet unplanted—they came opposite the Walnut street prison. Occasional lights were flickering through its grated windows; but, in the main, its huge front was dark and stern and cheerless.

"That is Cunningham's little hell!" exclaimed Pemberton bitterly, turning his head back towards André, who followed with Helen. "Sir William Howe looks and talks like a generous, genial man—but how such a man can allow a foul den like that, and tolerate such a monster as Cunningham, is a mystery to me."

"Between you and me, Pemberton, it is a mystery to me also," replied André. "If I had the power, or if General Grey, stern as he is, had it, Cunningham would not retain his place an hour. He knows it too—he would have cursed me only yesterday, to my face, had he dared."

"Did you offend him?" queried Helen.

"Yes, for common humanity always offends him. I was passing the prison, when who should come along but Captain Cunningham, with a party of prisoners. One of them, I declare, Pemberton, was not more than fifteen—a mere boy! He was crying bitterly. He had accompanied the detachment in a boyish love of sport and excitement—and here he was."

"Of course you interfered?" said Isabella. "I know you did it."

"It was mere common humanity," replied André. "The boy told me of his father and his poor mother at home, who did not know where he was; and I told him to be of good cheer, I would see what I could do for him. The little fellow was comforted, and hushed his crying—while Cunningham looked on, black as night. I've no doubt," continued André, laughing, "the Provost would have helped to hang me at that moment, with the greatest satisfaction."

"Did you get the boy released?" inquired Helen.

"Of course—at once. General Howe said he would give Cunningham a talking to for such doings—but I am afraid that that will be the end of it. Sir William has but one fault, as a soldier and as a man, he loves his ease rather too much."

Helen clasped closer the arm she held. Perhaps it was owing to the darkness of the night, and the increasing roughness of the way; but André thought not.

"Take care at this gulley—go slowly," cried Pemberton. "It runs down through the Potter's Field.* You cannot see the newly-turned earth by this light, and the long line of pits. Hundreds of American prisoners are being carried weekly out of the hospitals, and out of that hideous jail, and crowded like dead dogs into those holes."

"See! what is that?" whispered Isabella, as a tall, ghostly-looking figure in white rose up from among the graves.

They all were startled. It was evidently coming towards them. Then Pemberton laughed. "It is only crazy Leah," said he. "She has a habit of sleeping there at times—she says, to keep off the doctors."

"It would drive me crazy to meet her here alone, on such a night as this," said Helen. "I should think it was the ghost of that Miss Carpenter who committed suicide."

"You should be above that," replied Pemberton. "I like the spirit shown by her relatives, the Carpenters and the Storys. When they found she could not, poor unfortunate! be buried in consecrated earth, they walled in that little inclosure for a family ground—and there she, and many others of her family, lie buried."

"That was noble!" exclaimed André. "I have often wondered what that little walled inclosure in the centre of the Field meant. There is something grand about that."

"Yes, I suppose there is," said Helen; "but what with all this talk about graves and suicides, and this dismal night, I am half frightened already. How much further is it, Arthur?"

"We are nearly there. Now, not a word as to who we are, or that will give her the slightest clue in any direction."

Pushing back a gate, Pemberton led the way up to the house. He knocked at the door. There was no response. He knocked again.

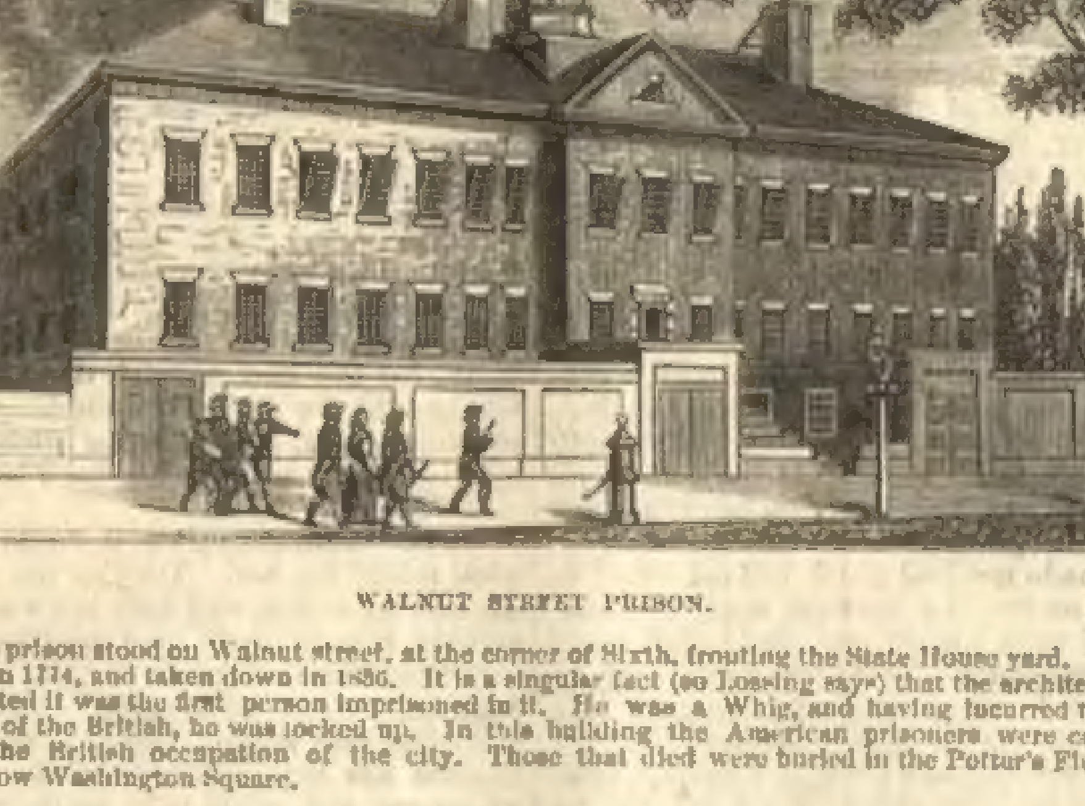
"Why don't she come?" said Helen, in a whisper. "This is an awfully ghostly place. And hear how the wind whistles."

A step, at last, was heard inside, approaching the door. A light gleamed, and the door opened. A tall negress received them, and led the way into a medium-sized room, hung with alternate breadths of some blue and crimson stuff, and from the ceiling of which a large silver lamp depended. Under the lamp, which seemed fed with some kind of aromatic oil, judging from the heavy perfume, as of mock-orange, which pervaded the apartment, stood a round table covered with a crimson cloth. On the table were several richly-bound volumes, and what seemed a brass triangle, whose flat sides were marked with various cabalistic figures. At the end of the room stood what appeared to be an altar, with three unlighted wax candles upon it.

After requesting them, more by a motion than by words, to seat themselves on a richly-draped settee or lounge, the negress left them.

"Well," said Pemberton, in a low but amused voice, "this is the thing exactly. This is just what I wanted to see—a regular witch's den of these modern days. Let me see what these books are," continued he, stepping to the table. "Oh, yes, the genuine articles—'Hidon's Temple of Wisdom,' 'Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft,' and 'Cornelius Agrippa on Necromancy,' of course. Now for the witch herself. I hope—"

His remarks were cut short by a most unearthly shriek, which caused the ladies, and even André, to start from their seats in



WALNUT STREET PRISON.

This prison stood on Walnut street, at the corner of Sixth, fronting the State House yard. It was erected in 1774, and taken down in 1836. It is a singular fact (so Lossing says) that the architect who constructed it was the first person imprisoned in it. He was a Whig, and having incurred the displeasure of the British, he was locked up. In this building the American prisoners were confined during the British occupation of the city. Those that died were buried in the Potter's Field just above, now Washington Square.

horror, followed, as it was, by the terrible cry of—

"Help! Help! murder! mur—der! Oh! oh!"

Isabella grew pale, Helen almost shrieked herself, and André laid his hand where he was accustomed to find the hilt of his sword. Hearing a slight rustle, Pemberton turned his eyes towards one of the windows from which the cry had seemed to come, and then walking to it, drew aside the heavy fold of a curtain.

"Do not be alarmed, ladies; it is only a cockatoo," said he, smiling.

They gathered around him, while the cockatoo, having displayed his powers to his satisfaction, gave vent to his delight by a low chuckle. It was a beautiful bird—large, with dove-colored feathers and white crest—but singular withal, as its breast and shoulders were a bright crimson, as if stained by a gush of blood.

Gazing at the bird, they had momentarily forgotten the object of their visit, when a rich, deep voice caused them to turn, and Madame Dumont evidently stood before them.

Tall and dignified, apparently of about fifty years of age, judging from her brunette complexion a French or Spanish Creole, with dark, burning eyes—a richly-colored shawl drawn around her shoulders, and a handkerchief, equally richly colored, worn as a turban upon her head—Madame Dumont evidently was no vulgar fortune-teller, but one of the mistresses of her solemn and imposing art.

"Welcome, fair flowers of Scotia! welcome to my humble dwelling. Welcome, true lover of woman; welcome, faithful son of a woman, to the home of the unloved and the desolate. What would you of the daughter of the Tropics?"

"We would," replied Isabella, with a little of a tremor, "learn of our Future. We would read the pages of destiny."

"And why read the Future? Why not dwell contented in the happy Present?"

"How dost thou know that it is the happy present?" interposed Helen.

"When one sees the glory of youth in the eyes, the beauty of youth on the cheeks, it requires no deep divination to read the Present. But thou wouldst know of the Future. Give me thy hand."

Helen stretched forth her hand. The sorceress gazed into the soft palm, holding it to reflect the light.

"All the lines are fortunate, save one," said she quietly. "Canst thou not be happy with one thing denied?"

"I should think," replied Pemberton, smiling, "that it would depend very much upon what that one thing was."

"What is to be denied me?" said Helen quickly.

"All the lines are fortunate and straight and full save one—only the line of love, though straight and full, is suddenly broken."

"Only the line of love!" repeated Helen. "Then I suppose my fate will be to lead apes hereafter, instead of here."

"This palmistry—this hand-divination, is very imperfect, lady," replied the fortune teller. "It is the lowest branch of my art. And even that says not thou shalt live a maiden. I have not said so."

André made a step forward. "Why is it so often the case, good mother, that the oracles of Fate will bear a double interpretation?"

"The oracles of Fate! Would you then really hear them?" exclaimed the woman, in a solemn, somewhat sad voice. "Hark! do you hear the wind rushing through the branches? It portends the tempest. And that low roaring of the thunder—it foretells that the storm is rolling nearer and nearer. I feel in my spirit the rushing of the wind. I hear the low roaring of the thunder. The storm will burst full soon."

"Yes," said Isabella to Pemberton, anxiously, "a storm is indeed coming up. Had we not better return home at once?"

"It would be on us before we had gone a square. Ha! there it is—" as a sharp peal rang through the air, and seemed to shake the building, while they heard outside the rushing of the rain. "It may all be over in an hour or so—it is the way with our thunder storms."

"Of course we will stay," said Helen. "And now that matter is settled, let us learn something of those spiritual tempests which we have been told of. Can you not be a little more precise in your readings of the dark page of the Future? If the reading of the hand be imperfect, let us witness some of the higher evidences of your power."

The fortune-teller appeared to hesitate—her manner seemed for the moment irresolute.

"If money be an object with you—" interposed Arthur.

"Thy money perish with thee!" cried the fortune-teller, her eyes and face glowing. "Know, young man, that I, like the called and anointed of thy father's faith, neither preach for hire, nor divine for money. All my offerings are free-will offerings—and I never even look at what each man gives."

"Pardon me, good mother! I erred through ignorance. I both understand and honor the feeling you manifest."

"I hesitated only," said the woman, "because I fear my own art. When the curtain is raised, is it wonderful that I also should sometimes start and shudder? Can I see a pit in your onward path, all black and yawning before you—and you, young hopefuls, hastening gayly and cheerfully on—and not myself suffer? and suffer more, because that I have faith!"

"But," interrupted André, "is it not better that in such a case the reckless gayety should yield a little to more serious and befitting thoughts? Would not the wayfarer be thus better prepared for the pit?"

"It may be so—and that comforts me," replied the fortune-teller.

"And moreover," continued André, "forewarned, are we not somewhat forearmed? Is the future thou seest, inevitable?"

"It is inevitable—so far as the natural order of things and events is concerned. Only he who rules this world, be he the Great Supreme, or some wise archangel or angel under him, can interpose to save the menaced one."

"Does he ever interpose?" questioned André earnestly. "Is his workmanship so poor, as ever to need the helping hand of alteration or correction?"

"In making man a Free Agent," replied the sibyl, "he has himself necessarily made his workmanship imperfect. Allow for the workings of a Free Agent, and not even infinite intelligence can exactly perceive and provide for the infinite future. And thus what I term, in one sense, the Inevitable, *may* never come to pass. But let no one calculate upon this—for in ninety and nine cases in the hundred, the Inevitable, as I see it, will come to pass. I never knew but of one case in which it did not.

"But we waste time," she continued. "You at least," addressing André, "may confidently hope for a happy future. You have the eye and voice which captivate alike men and women. You have in that the key to all success. Give me your hand."

There were two seats drawn into the middle of the room, near the table. To one of these the sibyl led André, while she herself took the other. She sat for several minutes in perfect silence—then she spoke:

"Prince of the Powers of the Air! thou that seest and knowest from thy exalted height the ways of men—make my inward mind pure, my inward sight clear, that I may see and understand the destiny of this man now before me!"

She rose and lighted with a taper the three candles on the altar, and then returned to her seat.

Taking the right hand of André in her own, and sitting in perfect silence, soon her head fell forward, her eyes partly closed, and she seemed to sink into a kind of trance. A low sweet strain of music, the source of which it was impossible to fix, floated through the room. Then, after a long, deep breath, she spoke in a rapid but clear tone, audible to all, though scarcely louder than a whisper:—

"I see a great crowd. There is a high hill. I see you—yes it is certainly you. You are in a military uniform. It is red—it is a British uniform. The crowd is very sorrowful—some are weeping. There are generals and other officers. You are standing on a wagon—on a coffin. It is a scaffold. A rope is around your neck. Oh—oh—oh!"

With a wild wail the sibyl sprang to her feet—dashing her hands over her brow and eyes, as if to wipe away the memory of a fearful dream.

The young ladies also had sprung to their feet, greatly excited—Helen fairly trembling with the excitement and terror.

André's face was pale, but he said, calmly:—

"Good mother, you have given the ladies a great fright."

"It is terrible, terrible!" exclaimed Helen. "How could you conjure up such a scene?"

"Pardon, sweet lady!" said the sybil. "When I go into these trances, I know not what I shall say. But those that are fearful of heart, should never seek to explore the Future."

"I am not fearful! I am startled and excited—not fearful! I am not afraid to hear or see any fate, true or false, that you may call before me," replied Helen, the blue eyes of her father flashing above the cheeks into which the blood had returned in a torrent. "Sit down again, John, and let us have it out."

"Yes," added Isabella proudly, "we are a soldier's daughters, and not such cowards as to be frightened by mere words."

"Well," said Pemberton, "you are the ones to decide, ladies. I suppose we gentlemen can endure anything that you can."

André smiled, and again took his seat.

"See if you cannot give me something more pleasant than that; or, if you cannot, give me that over again, that I may not forget it."

"The spirit never repeats itself—and you will never forget it!" said the sibyl solemnly, taking her seat and his hand anew.

Again the silence—then the low, sweet æolian tones of music as before, but in a wilder, more triumphant strain.

"I see a glorious building. It is in England. Yes, it is Westminster Abbey. A new monument has been erected. Men—the titled and high-born—and beautiful women, are gazing upon it. Stay—I can read the name. 'Sacred to the memory of John André.'"

"That is all—it passes from before me. Ask me no more of thy destiny."

"It is enough!" proudly exclaimed André, rising. "A tomb in Westminster Abbey, amid the noblest and best of England, might well content the ambition of a prouder man than I am. Good mother, thy second prediction, though it seems to give the lie to the first, is quite sufficient for me. No man that lived the life of a felon, no man that dies the death of a felon, will ever lie in the Abbey of Westminster."

The sibyl smiled. "I am well pleased that it is so. But it grows late—and I begin to feel exhausted. Will not this serve for one evening?"

"You have done so well on the second trial for our friend, can you not do as well by me?" said Helen. "This sending one home to bed, to dream of hopeless love, is hardly the right thing, mother."

"You call me 'mother'—would to God that you had a mother!" said the sibyl fondly but sadly. "But I have not predicted the hardest fate—better be unhappy in thy love, than unloved and unloving."

Helen took her seat in the chair of divination, and in the willful manner which became her so well, held out her hand. The sibyl shook her head sadly, but took her usual seat, kissing the beautiful throbbing hand as she laid it in her own.

Then ensued the deep silence, followed by a very faint, yet sad strain of music. A shudder ran through the frame of the sibyl. She spoke.

"I see a maiden. She wanders along the shore. It is a dark night. I see high cliffs. She tosses her hands wildly. She—"

"No," exclaimed the sibyl, breaking through her trance with a strong effort—"I will not! I can not! I am weak and faint. I am not certain of my power. The lower spirits may delude me. Lucifer is cunning. The book is closed and sealed. Live thou in the happy Present."

"But I *must* know!" exclaimed Helen, imperiously. "I am not a child—I am a woman! What a man fears not to do or to hear, I fear not to do or to hear."

"Then, not to-night," replied the sibyl earnestly. "Can you not imagine the strain this divination must be upon my spirit? I am exhausted."

"Help! Help! murder, mur—" again began the cockatoo; but ceased at a hasty gesture from his mistress. "Cease, Goblin!" cried she.

"It is a horrid bird!" exclaimed Helen. "How can you bear to have it about the house?"

"He belonged to the lady who once lived here—and died here," replied the sibyl, her voice sinking—"yes, in this very room! They say that Goblin was once a great talker—but ever since that time, he utters but this one cry; caught perhaps from his terrified mistress in her hour of agony, and driving out from his memory every other. They also say his plumage was changed at the same time, and that this crimson stain like blood, was never seen on his breast before the murder. This, however, may be a mere unfounded superstition. But you have heard yourselves his only cry."

"Poor, poor bird," said Helen in a sympathizing voice.

"Ladies," said Pemberton, "do you know that it grows late?"

"I am ready to depart," replied Isabella.

"And I suppose I must be," said Helen—"though I never like to hear a tale half-told."

"You are a little unreasonable sometimes, *ma belle Helene*," rejoined Isabella, as she threw Helen's shawl over her shoulders. "Let us make our adieux and depart."

But the sibyl had disappeared, probably through some concealed passage, as suddenly as she had entered—and the negress was at the door of the room, waiting to show them out. The young men exchanged a few words, and then each deposited a gold piece upon the table.

As they left the house, the sky was covered with broken masses of cloud; but the storm had passed over, the full moon had risen, and all nature slept calmly in its silvery light.

Isabella drew a deep breath. "That is the first and last time you ever catch me at a fortune teller's," exclaimed she. "How peaceful and heavenly this moonlight is, after that awesome room."

"Bella, I do believe you are a coward," replied Helen.

"Coward or not, Helen, I am content for one to take things as they come, not seeking to penetrate the Future. I think it well to have a pleasant time as I go along, even if I am to be hung, or sent wandering like a maniac along the sea-shore, some twenty or fifty years hence."

"I think you are more than half right," said Pemberton. "But that woman impressed me greatly. She is evidently a superior person, and deeply and enthusiastically sincere. Of course that proves nothing for the truth of her predictions."

"I should think it did," said Helen.

"Not at all, Helen. Mr. Edwards was just as sincere in predicting his own death, as Madam Dumont is in her predictions. He fully expected to die. But he did not."

"And yet sometimes these predictions come true," said André. "I have heard of several cases—and doubtless your mother could tell us of more."

"Doubtless mother could," replied Pemberton, laughing. "She has not all that Welsh blood in her veins for nothing."

"I think it would be a good thing for you, Arthur," said Helen, "if you had a little more of that Welsh blood in yours."

"I know you do, Helen; but I am very well satisfied with my share."

"Of course. I never saw a man who was not almost absolutely perfect in his own estimation." André pressed the hand on his arm, and smiled. "I admit there are a few brilliant exceptions," she added.

"I suppose those are the cases in which you consider that the gentlemen are almost absolutely perfect," replied Pemberton gayly. "But apropos of fortune telling, I will tell you an anecdote which my mother never told me, but my father did. A friend of his, a military gentleman, like André here, had been told by a gypsy in whose predictions he had great faith, that he need never fear bullet nor ball, but to beware of cold steel. Of course in battle he never felt the least fear of anything that gunpowder could do, but he disliked mightily to hear the order to charge bayonets."

"Oh, I know the rest; he died safely and soundly in his bed," interrupted Helen saucily.

"Not so fast, *ma belle Helene*. He did die in his bed, but my father always contended that he died of cold steel—for the doctors, Sangrado like, absolutely bled him, and bled him, till it was impossible for him to recover. Nature gave up the contest in despair, and he died. So you see you must always allow a wide margin in the interpretation of these predictions. As your favorite Shakspeare says, André, they often 'palter with us in a double sense.'"

André had been very quiet, and continued so all the way home. Was he thinking of that terrible scene which the sibyl had conjured up—or of that far different one in Westminster Abbey? Whichever it was that occupied his thoughts—or whether his mind was brooding over far different themes—he gave no clue to judge by words. Declining Pemberton's formal invitation to enter, when they arrived at Mrs. Pemberton's, and only lingering a moment on the step to exchange a few loving words with his betrothed, he took his way to his own lodgings.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GIRLS.

An English traveller writes:—"I can assure you that, having lived in different castles and manor-houses of Great Britain, and been accustomed to the industrious habits of duchesses and countesses, I was utterly astonished at the idleness of American fine ladies. No English woman of rank (with the exception of a few parvenues), from the Queen downward, would remain for one-half hour unemployed, or sit in a rocking-chair unless seriously ill. They almost all (with hardly an exception) copy the business letters of their husbands, fathers or brothers; attend minutely to the wants of the poor around them, and even take part in their amusements and sympathize with their sorrows; visit and superintend the schools; work in their own gardens; see to their household concerns; think about their visitors; look over the weekly accounts, not only of domestic expenses, but often those of the farm and estate; manage penny clubs in connection with the working classes, to help them to keep themselves; and with all these occupations, by early hours, they keep up their acquaintance with the literature and politics of the day, and cultivate the accomplishments of music and drawing, and often acquire, besides, some knowledge of scientific pursuits. The late Marchioness of Lansdowne was so well acquainted with the cottagers in her neighborhood that she used to visit and look at the corpses of the dead, because she found that her doing so soothed and comforted the bereaved. I have known her to shut herself up with a mad woman in her poor dwelling, who used to lock the door, and could not be induced to admit any one else. She educated her own children without assistance—taught the boys Latin and the girls all the usual branches of education. The late Duchess of Bedford, I accidentally discovered, when on a visit to Woburn, had for thirty years of her marriage life risen at six o'clock, summer and winter, lit her own fire, made some tea for the Duke and herself, and then, as he wrote his own letters of business, she copied them, and they came down to a large party of guests at ten o'clock, to dispense breakfast, without saying one word of their matutinary avocations; so that you might have been a visitor in the house without finding out that the Duke or Duchess had transacted the necessary business of the day before, perhaps, you had risen. I rather mention those that are gone to their reward than write of women still among us; but you may believe me when I say that I am constantly among those who live such lives of energy and usefulness, but they so employ themselves without ostentation or an idea that they are doing more than their simple duty."

☞ "And so ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?" said one Irishman to another. "Indade I have, and am not ashamed of it, aither." "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach?" "So he did; but then my name is not Timothy, and there's nothing the matter with my stomach, bedad!"

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* New Washington Square.

FAIR MARGARET,

THE BELLE OF ASHGATE.

BY LOUISA PARR,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

"Margaret, you must listen to me. I—I've made up my mind to speak to you seriously before you go away, and—"

"Now, Cousin John, I know what you are going to say," and Margaret gives a little shake of her head. "Nonsense!" she continues in a coaxing voice; "let things be as they are—it's much better."

But her companion's face flushed scarlet: "I wish you would not call me cousin: and as for leaving things as they are, that is very well for you to say, Margaret—you, who don't care where I am, or where I go, or what becomes of me, while I— Oh, why can't I make you feel how I love you?" he added, passionately. "I don't know a moment's peace for thinking about you. I am always trying to see you and meet you, to—to—"

"Worry me," she puts in pettishly. "I don't believe there is another in the world so fond of forcing himself where he is not wanted as you are. And as for the word 'No,' I begin to doubt whether you comprehend its meaning, for I am sure I have said No to you twenty times during the last six months, and you go on putting the same silly question to me."

"I am sorry I should be such a source of annoyance to you, Miss Severn, but I will take care it shall be the last time I give you cause to complain."

"So you've said a dozen times before," replies Margaret, composedly.

"I mean it this time, however."

"So, I suppose, you did at others," and Margaret assumes a little doubting smile.

The young fellow made a great effort to still the beating of his heart, which threatened to drown his unsteady voice. "I tell you what it is, Margaret," he said: "you have often told me I was foolish, you have often said hard things to me, but you never sneered at me before. I see I have made myself ridiculous in your eyes. I have laid my love at your feet, although you have spurned it; and now you trample upon it and me." He turned his face to hide from her his strong emotion, but in a minute, looking at her with more fire in his eyes than Margaret had conceived possible, he went on rapidly: "But I'll play the fool no longer; it's fitting that a man should be despised who begs and implores to be taken for pity's sake. I have brought this upon myself, but it is not too late to mend; and I swear, Miss Severn, that you shall never again have cause to complain of my importunities. I have the honor to wish you a good afternoon; and, as I may not see you again before you leave home, I hope your stay at Brighton may prove as agreeable as you anticipate."

John Ingle walked rapidly away, leaving the lady of his love gazing after him in blank astonishment; then, bethinking herself that he would most probably repent and return, she set off at a brisk pace in the opposite direction, toward her home. But the stile was reached, and Margaret had to scramble over it without any John rushing up, breathless and penitent, to assist her. She half walked, half ran across the meadow where the vicious bull was kept, but no John arrived to beg her to have no fear, as he would inwardly sigh to think how little chance there was of this maligned beast giving him any opportunity of proving his devotion—"like those fellows in novels, where houses are always catching fire, or boats upsetting, or something of the sort; and so enabling them to rescue and win the girl they love."

At last Margaret found herself at Ashgate, which was only five minutes' walk from her home, and then she could not help turning and giving a good look round. There lay the landscape, rich with the russet browns of a fine October day. Across the common the afternoon sun was slowly sinking, while the geese cackled as they waddled out of the pond and began settling themselves down close together. The children's shouting, merry voices told that school was over, and two old women stood gossiping together beside the bundles of brushwood they had been gathering; but no John appeared. It was plain he did not intend to show such a hasty repentance as usual.

"I declare he is sulky," thought Margaret. "Ah! I'll make him pay for this to-morrow when he comes to see me off. What next? I wonder. I suppose he thinks, because he chooses to pester and worry me, I am to listen to all his nonsense. It's of no use: if I were to live to be a hundred I should never be in love with him. In love with John Ingle!" and she laughed outright at the bare thought. "Why, he is only three inches taller than I am, and he has red hair, and everybody calls him Johnnie! Exceedingly obliged to you, Mr. Johnnie Ingle, but you're not quite the style of man to win Margaret Severn." And she walked quickly up the lane, toward the old-fashioned house where she lived.

Margaret was just above the middle height, with a figure that only needed a little more roundness to be perfect. Her eyes were gray and tender; her mouth laughing and dimpled; her complexion soft and pale, as accorded best with the thick braids of silky hair which crowned the small, well-set head. Such, at nineteen, was Margaret Severn, the acknowledged belle of Ashgate, and, in the eyes of the man she had just turned away from, the most lovely and lovable woman the whole world contained.

As she entered the dining-room, Mrs. Severn looked up, and seeing her daughter was alone, she said, in a disappointed voice, "Oh, I hoped you would have met John Ingle, and that he would have come to tell me about the trains; for really Bradshaw is quite more than I can manage."

Margaret did not say anything, but she went to her mother's side, knelt down, and tried to make out the puzzle of cross-trains and by-stations. "Perhaps papa knows," she said, after considerable study, which had resulted in her being left half-way on the road, unable to get any farther. For Ashgate was a little out of the world, and situated at about an equal distance from two towns, both boasting of a railway, by which you could be put down at a certain point, whence, with another change, you might reach Brighton, where her aunt, the widow of a rich merchant, had invited her to stay. It was the first real outing the girl had ever had, and her two cousins had written glowing accounts of the gayeties they were looking forward to enjoying with her.

Mr. Severn was by no means a rich man, and had to provide for half a dozen boys and girls, besides Margaret, who was the eldest. So his practical sister thought that, with her niece's personal advantages and her own remarkably clever chaperonage, the Brighton visit might end in a marriage; which, as she said, for a penniless girl, the eldest of a large family, was highly desirable.

Mrs. Severn smiled over the hint contained in her sister-in-law's letter of invitation. She had not the slightest doubt that Margaret would marry, but she was in no hurry for that event to take place; and, as these suggestions made the proud mother recall the neighboring gatherings, where Margaret invariably carried off the palm, she said, with something between a smile and a sigh, "Poor Johnnie! I fear he has not much chance."

Many mothers would have been a little vexed at this, for, notwithstanding Margaret's indifference, Johnnie Ingle was looked upon as *the parti* of Ashgate, having a very nice estate of his own, and an income sufficiently good to gratify the wants of any moderate-minded woman. Margaret could not remember the time when John Ingle was not her devoted slave—always at hand if she needed assistance, forgetting the many rebuffs his suit met with the moment he could win a smile from his provokingly fair charmer, arriving daily with books, flowers, excuses of all descriptions, going messages, executing commissions; all of which services Miss Margaret received right royally, occasionally defending to herself her exactions by saying, "He need not do it unless he likes." By degrees, Mrs. Severn too, and the children, all leaned upon the certainty that anything they could not obtain would be got as soon as Cousin John (as Margaret would teasingly call him) came. Poor John had looked very glum when Margaret, radiant with delight, announced to him her invitation and the prospect of enjoyment it opened. Further on he had said that he rather fancied he should take a day or two down there himself, but this proposal met with no encouragement from Margaret, who said afterward to her mother that she had no wish to be pestered with John at Brighton—she had enough of him at home.

"Ah, well!" said Mrs. Severn, "I don't know what you or any of us would do without him, although if Johnnie had my spirit you might wait a long time before you got any attention from me. And as you see more of life, Margaret, you'll find there are not many John Ingles in the world."

At which Margaret pursed up her mouth into an expression which said as plainly as if she had spoken that she should not break her heart on that score.

The morning arrived for Margaret's departure, but no John came; and as Mrs. Severn fretted over her fears about the trains not meeting, and the look of the portmanteau not being safe, and several other minor bothers, she kept up a sort of chorus of, "I wonder how it is John has not been up?" until Margaret was goaded to say, "Why should he come, mamma? I bade him good-by the last time I saw him."

Yet in her heart she felt more angry with him than she had ever done before: and when finally she was fairly started, the station reached and the train off without any signs of him, she determined to pay Mr. John off the next time they met for not coming to see her off, as was his wont. What a bother she found it to get her ticket on the market day, and to see that the stupid old porter had put her luggage in, for Mr. Severn was far too gouty to get out of the little pony carriage in which he had brought his daughter and her boxes to the station!

"It shows what a horrid temper he has," thought Margaret. "A very nice thing it would be to be tied to a tyrant like that! However, I don't care; he is nothing to me, that's one thing."

It was a very fortunate thing for the poor tyrant that his mistress's vanity could not be gratified by a sight of him in his then depressed state. When he had sworn that Margaret should never again have cause to complain of his importunities, he little thought what his vow would cost him. Fifty times he wished he could unsay his words, although his sense told him he had only done what perhaps would have been better done long ago, before she had so entwined herself round his heart that it seemed to him as long as it beat within him it would beat for her alone. "Of course," he sighed, "she'll meet with lots of fellows down there, good-looking and able to do the things that please girls; but nobody will ever love her better—that's one thing they can't do." And he quite hugged this poor consolation to his heart as he went about his farm and attended to his various duties, trying to control the desire he felt to quarrel and be sharp-tempered with everybody and everything.

Notwithstanding all the anxieties about her, Margaret arrived quite safely at the station, where her aunt met her, saying that she was very glad to see her and to see how improved she was, and she was quite sure that Carry and Bertha would be delighted.

Margaret could scarce listen to Mrs. Stephenson's remarks, so great was her surprise at the gay aspect of the place; and when they emerged from Ship street and entered the throng of the Parade, she exclaimed, "Oh, aunt, is it always like this? How lovely! Thank you so much for having me!"

And Mrs. Stephenson pressed her niece's hand, smiling kindly at her *naive* enthusiasm, and thinking as she did so.

"I had no idea she would have turned out as pretty as she is. I'll ask Mr. Prosser to luncheon to-morrow; he'd be a capital match if she could get him. I think he said he admired fair girls; and of course *he* can't want money. How old did you say you are, Margaret?"

"Nineteen last month, aunt."

"And Bertha is just twenty. You will be nice companions, and show each other off well. Bertha is dark and tall; she is considered a very fine girl, and quite a gentleman's beauty."

As Mrs. Stephenson had said, her daughters seemed delighted to welcome their cousin. They quite squabbled over who should walk with her; they praised her beautiful hair and fair complexion, tried all their bonnets and hats on her, and were very anxious that her toilet should be pretty and becoming—particularly on the evening after her arrival, when she made what they considered her *début* at a ball given by the officers of the regiment stationed there.

"We'll introduce you to such good partners!" said Bertha, who was in a particular flutter of excitement, and more anxious than usual that she should look her best. "You're certain to get plenty of attention, Margaret, for I know several men who rave about fair girls."

And certainly Bertha proved a true prophetess, for from the time they entered the room Margaret seemed to be in a whirl of delight. Everything was so new to the fresh country girl, filled with the spirit of enjoyment. The rooms, the music, the varied dresses, the gay uniforms, all mixed themselves into an enchanted chaos, from out of which only one figure stood distinct and visible. About this striking individual Margaret, as they drove home, was silently thinking, and recalling all the pleasant speeches he had made to her, in every one of which some hidden compliment lurked, when Caroline roused her by saying, "I'm so glad you got introduced to Captain Curzon, Margaret: we've been dying to know him for ever so long. His mother is Lady Selina Curzon, and they are no end of swells."

"He's going to call to-morrow," said Bertha. "I managed to lead up to it when we were near mamma, who asked him. We must make him stay to luncheon, and go to the pavillion with us, mamma," she added—but poor Mrs. Stephenson, worn out by the heat of the rooms and the lateness of the hour, was reclining in a corner fast asleep—"won't the Thompsons be in a rage? We must see and keep him with us all the time. Mind you don't let him go, Margaret."

At which Margaret smiled, and sunk back again into her pleasant reverie.

Before a fortnight had well passed, Captain Stanhope Curzon never seemed away from Mrs. Stephenson's party. He walked and rode with them, lingered near them on the pier, attended them to afternoon teas, concerts, theatres, or whatever amusements they were set upon, and contrived during these opportunities, which he made the most of, to thoroughly captivate Margaret's fancy, and also to make Miss Bertha Stephenson determine that, if she could possibly manage it, at her feet should be laid the offer of the honor of being daughter-in-law to Lady Selina, and cousin to the several noble families to whom that illustrious person was related. To carry out this view she said one morning to her mother, "I wish you'd contrive that Margaret should walk more with that horrid little Prosser. I thought you intended making a match there."

"Well, I think he admires her. Captain Curzon said yesterday he fancied he was seriously smitten."

"Captain Curzon does not think she has color enough," Bertha said, after a pause. "I thought *he* was struck with Margaret at first, but he isn't. He says she is not a man's beauty."

Mrs. Stephenson looked at her daughter sharply. "I don't fancy," she said, "that the Curzons are at all well off."

"But they're great swells," replied Bertha. "They visit with all the best people." And before the young lady took her departure she added, "I should give Margaret a hint about Mr. Prosser, if I were you. He'd be a first-rate match for her."

Therefore, in compliance with her daughter's advice, although Mrs. Stephenson did not give her niece the desired hint, she so contrived it that Margaret had to put up with Mr. Prosser as her cavalier during their promenade that morning, and a very dull companion she thought he must consider her; for she felt certain that Captain Curzon was equally disappointed at having to walk with Bertha, whom he did not admire because she was dark; and hereupon her fair cheeks deepen as she recalls the volumes of unspoken admiration his dark eyes betray whenever they rest on her own sweet face. Captain Curzon has never in words said anything about his love, yet, in spite of their short acquaintance, Margaret feels certain that he does love her, and the knowledge sets her heart beating more violently than any of poor John Ingle's passionate declarations have ever done. Then, through fear of betraying herself in some way, she draws herself sharply up, and suddenly begins to assume an interest in Mr. Prosser.

Mr. Prosser is highly conversational, and has made up his mind to be exceedingly agreeable. Margaret soon finds that she need not pay much attention to his capital stories, which he finishes with a laugh and an exclamation of "Yes, very good, very! By-the-way, that puts me in mind of—" and off he goes again with another recollection, the narrative becoming somewhat involved by being interlaced with "Miss de Castro, niece to Lady Johnson. Don't you know her? Jolly girl! Met her last year at Scarboro'. Briggs is awfully sweet upon her. You know Briggs? Little man, limps, wears an eyeglass, nephew to Colonel Green—Lincolnshire Greens, you know. Funny old man. Very tall. Bald head." And so on about every person with whom he exchanged signs of recognition.

"He made me feel quite bilious—just as one feels on board a steamer when the paddle-wheel goes on, on, on, and won't leave off for an instant," Margaret exclaimed on her return, feeling dreadfully cross with the unfortunate young man, because, though she saw that Captain Curzon lingered talking to Bertha, evidently in the hope that he might have a word with her, Mr. Prosser wouldn't hurry. When Captain Curzon had said most sarcastically, "I hope you enjoyed your walk," the horrid little creature must needs answer, "I should rather think we have—eh, Miss Severn? Hope to be as fortunate again to-morrow." And then Captain Curzon had bade her "Good-by" quite coldly, but with such a sorrowful look in his eyes that, if Margaret had not vented her indignation in abusing poor Mr. Prosser, she would have cried with vexation.

"My dear Margaret," said her aunt, "you really should not say such things. Mr. Prosser is an excellent young man: besides, he admires you very much, and, let me tell you, he is not a person to be despised by any young lady. Why, do you know he has four thousand a year?"

"I should think the same of him, aunt, if he had forty thousand a year. I'm sure I don't despise him," she added, seeing a look of displeasure cross Mrs. Stephenson's face, "but I do hope he won't choose to walk out with me again. It has given me quite a headache to listen to him, though I hardly remember a word he said." She then went out of the room to take off her hat and jacket.

"It's of no use entering into any argument with her now," Mrs. Stephenson said, answering her daughters' inquiring looks, "but I shall speak again of this. She is evidently put out by something at present."

"Why of course it's about Captain Curzon," said Caroline; "and in spite of what you say, Berty, he does pay her heaps of attention."

"Yes," replied Bertha, triumphantly, "and to-day he let out the reason. He's so awfully afraid of its being thought he's after money, and it seems somebody has been talking about us to him, and, I expect, hinting at why he comes here."

"I think he's a very kind-hearted young man," put in Mrs. Stephenson, "for he said the other evening that naturally Margaret must feel the want of accomplishments with both of you. I told him that from their large family and not over-abundant means, and so on, she had never had the advantages—poor child!—that I should have liked her to, and I noticed afterward he sat by her each time Bertha sang or played."

"He might have spared himself that trouble," laughed Caroline; "for young Compton and Captain Grey were both dying to talk to her, only Captain Curzon's *compassion* kept them away."

"You'll have a headache to-morrow," said Bertha.

"And why, pray?"

"Because you're so spiteful. You've got a great spot on your chin; that shows your liver's out of order."

"Now, my dear children," said their mother, rising, "pray don't;" and to prevent further altercation, she rang the bell.

And now a whole month has elapsed since fair Margaret left Ashgate with its quiet life and simple pleasures, the home of which she is the pet and darling, and the man whose light and life and star she is; and how do we find her? Tempest-tossed, restless and living in a fever of excitement, for what to make of Stanhope Curzon she knows not. That he loves her madly, devotedly, she is certain; but why this mystery? Why does he not speak out openly, instead of acting his passion in despairing whispers and stolen looks? Why does he consider it necessary, while loving her alone, to pay such attentions to Bertha? Somehow, of late, a coldness has sprung up between the cousins, and Margaret feels that her aunt too treats her more like a guest and less like a relation. If it were not for the sure trust that Captain Curzon will speak and put his love into formal words, Margaret would be glad that her visit came to an end. Poor Margaret! she so longs to exchange this feverish tumult of uncertainty for the security and rest of assured love. Why does he not speak more plainly? what can prevent him telling me? are questions she asks herself twenty times in an hour. He knows that she has refused Mr. Prosser, because some one or other told him so. He has heard her snub Captain Grey, and has laughed to her over his discomfiture. What can it be? Want of love? No, anything save that; and Margaret smiles as she exultingly recalls the innumerable ways in which he has betrayed that sweet secret.

She is pondering all this as she sits alone in the drawing-room, in the hope of soon seeing Captain Curzon. Something he said has made her (under cover of a cold from which she is really suffering) stay away from the Pavilion; but though the light is all but gone, her tardy lover comes not, and, seated at the window behind one of the thick curtains, she sinks into a reverie. Something in her thoughts suggests John Ingle, and she wishes with a sigh she had not spoken to him so unkindly. Poor Johnnie! she had never felt so sorry for him before. He had always been so good to her, so fond of her. Poor fellow! It seemed very sad to love and not be loved in return; and this sent her wandering amid new hopes, conjuring back words and looks, which set her fluttering heart beating quickly, until she was suddenly aroused by the opening of the door, and her Cousin Bertha saying, "Nobody here? and they have not lighted the room yet."

"Do you want lights?" asked a voice which made her heart beat faster than before. "It is not often I get ten minutes' happiness; sit down and indulge me—do; the others will be after us all too soon."

"I expected to find Margaret," said Bertha, in a rather nervous voice. "I suppose she is in her own room."

"Is she going to stay much longer?" asked Captain Curzon; and something in the tone made Margaret linger in the concealment from which she was just going to emerge.

"No, I think she leaves us next week; so prepare yourself for the sad event. I know, in spite of what you say, you are awfully smitten with her."

Captain Curzon gave a little laugh. "Very well," he said in a resigned voice, "have your own way. I only wish I was," and he gave a sort of smothered sigh.

"Why?" asked Bertha, in a lower tone.

"Because"—and Captain Curzon evidently moved his chair a trifle nearer—"I don't think she would prove as obdurate and indifferent as some one is."

"You horridly vain man!" laughed Bertha, coquettishly. "I don't believe she gives you a thought; so don't flatter yourself."

"I do not flatter myself in the least. I am perfectly certain that your fair cousin thinks no more of me than I do of her. Only there is a vast difference between winning a good little country girl, and a cruel tyrant who knows the charm of her beauty, and uses it to torment and make a slave of the man who hasn't strength to struggle against his fate."

"I—I don't understand you."

"Don't you? I'm very glad to hear it. Hark! I thought that was your sister."

"No, we shall hear the heart-broken Prosser's manly voice," said Bertha, reassuringly, for she had no wish that their tete-a-tete should be abruptly ended. "Carry is consoling him, and mamma wishes him to stay to dinner and try his luck once more."

"With your cousin?"

"Yes. Mamma thinks it would be such a good thing for her. They're not at all well off, and he is rich and does not want money; and she is very pretty and ladylike."

"Hem!" and Captain Curzon seemed to suppress a yawn as he said, "I wonder why she does not accept him? I should have fancied her one of those soft-hearted girls whom any one might have easily won."

"Should you?" exclaimed Bertha. "Then I can tell you you are mightily mistaken. Miss Margaret has a will of her own, and a temper too."

"Really! Pity she hasn't more style. Fair girls want style to carry them off."

"It's of no use your saying that," said Bertha, "for I am certain, in spite of everything you may say, that you admire her. Actions speak louder than words, Captain Curzon; and when you so often contrive to walk and dance with a young lady, and ride by her side, and sit by her side whenever you can get an opportunity, *saying* you don't admire her is of very little use." And Miss Bertha's earrings quite jangled with the evident toss she had given her head.

"Positively, women are the most ungenerous beings that the world contains," said Captain Curzon, addressing an imaginary audience. "A man has just that amount of sense left him to know that if he bores or keeps away the other admirers of the one person he is always thinking about, he will disgust her, and most probably get a summary dismissal. He therefore practices self-denial (a thing somewhat new to him), and tries to make himself agreeable to a good, simple, sweet little country child (for to talk to she is really nothing else), who he sees is guileless of all flirtations, and who is as ready to smile and talk to him as she would be to any other man—"

"Mr. Prosser excepted," put in Bertha.

"Mr. Prosser does not wear a red coat, which is the privilege of your humble servant, and his chief charm in Miss Severn's eyes, since she, like most novices, suffers from a chronic state of scarlet fever. Upon my soul!" he exclaimed, jumping up suddenly with well-feigned passion, "it's too bad, Bertha: you're far too clever to be blind. You see that I am on the very verge of making a fool of myself, and yet you torment me in this manner;" and he passed close to the very curtain which hid poor Margaret, who seemed rooted to the spot. She could not disclose herself, and so proclaim that she had deceived herself and been deceived. All her thought was how she should escape observation, how get to her own room. Suddenly there was a violent pull at the bell and the sound of voices.

"Here they are now!" exclaimed Bertha. "Don't let them find us here in the dark. That little Prosser is such a gossip."

"I'll bid you good-by, Miss Stephenson."

And Margaret knew every turn of the low, plaintive voice.

"No, no," said Bertha, pleadingly; "don't go. You must not. Come down stairs with me. They have gone into the dining-room, and they need not know there are no lights here."

And in another moment Margaret heard Bertha's voice from below. She then rushed up stairs, thankful above all else that she had not been discovered.

Later the same evening, when Mrs. Stephenson met the guests she had asked to dinner, she said, without speaking positively to Mr. Prosser, "I am so sorry that my niece is not able to join us. When we returned we found her in bed, her headache had become so much worse. I hope," she added, as she took Colonel Smith's arm, "it is nothing more than a cold, but one is always a little anxious when anything ails a visitor; and, though there are seven of them, her mother is so very nervous when any of them happen to be ill."

The next morning Mrs. Stephenson, arrayed in her dressing-gown, went to her daughters' room, saying, "Don't either of you go near Margaret; she is very feverish this morning, and I have sent for Dr. Pearce. It may be nothing, but she hasn't had the scarlet fever, she says, and she thinks her throat is a little sore."

"Oh, I hope it's not small-pox?" said Bertha in dismay.

"Nonsense, my dear! I dare say it's but a feverish cold; only it's best to be on the safe side. I devoutly wish she was safe at home, poor child!"

So did the poor child herself, who was never remarkably strong, and now had sobbed and tormented herself into a perfect fever. This, added to a very bad cold, made Dr. Pearce somewhat anxious. She seemed very excited, her pulse was quick, her skin hot and dry, and she complained of headache—"All grave symptoms you know, Mrs. Stephenson, leading to anything, and sometimes to nothing, as we must hope in this case. I should not alarm myself," continued the doctor, "but, as you say your daughters are nervous and delicate, I would keep them away for a few days, until we see how matters go."

"So, of course," added Mrs. Stephenson, when she was repeating this conversation, "I must either give up you or her, for it would be absurd keeping you away, and going between you both."

"I don't see how we are to go anywhere without *you*, mamma; and of course, if people don't see you, they'll ask where you are; and if it gets spread about that we have illness in the house, we shall be regularly quarantined."

"It really is very tiresome," said the mother, not wishing to deprive her daughters of enjoyment, yet not feeling quite justified in leaving her niece to the care of a servant. "I don't want to alarm your aunt Margie, for she'd be here before the day was out, and we have no place to put her. If it is but a cold, in a few days she will be able to go home, and be all the better for the change. I think I'll go up and speak to her now, and explain the cause of our absence; I shouldn't like her to think it was from unkindness."

"And don't frighten her into something, you know, mamma," called out Caroline. "I know mamma's way," she said: "she is sure to keep on telling Margaret not to frighten herself, until the poor thing will fancy she has some dreadful complaint."

In half an hour Mrs. Stephenson reappeared, looking perfectly satisfied. She said that Margaret was very sensible, and said she wished to be quiet, and that Fanny would do all she should want; and she sent her love to her cousins, and hoped she should be all right in a few days: "Though I very much doubt it," Mrs. Stephenson added, "for her hand was so hot I could hardly hold it, and her face is much flushed. She won't hear of my writing to her mother; she says it would frighten her so, and she is certain that it is nothing but a cold."

And so it proved, although a week elapsed before it was thought prudent for Margaret to see her cousins or leave her room, or—greatest joy of all—write to her mother, telling her that she had been ill, but was better now, all well enough to come home the following Wednesday—so glad to see them all, that she did not think she should ever go away again.

Mrs. Stephenson also wrote, offering that Fanny should see Margaret safely back, as she hardly thought her strong enough to travel by herself. She said she wished her to stay with them longer, but she feared the poor child was a little homesick.

Great was the commotion caused by the receipt of these two letters at Ashgate. Mrs. Severn declared that, though she had not said so, she had begun to feel quite nervous about Margaret, for she had done nothing but dream of her for nights.

"I shall go for her to-morrow," she said. "I'd rather look after her myself."

"Of course you will, said Mr. Severn. "She's been doing too much with those girls of Maria's: she isn't used to dancing and sitting up half the night. I know Maria's ways. Let us get her home, my dear. The house has been as dismal as a jail since she went away. I hope no one will ask any of them on a visit again, for I like to see the children round me, especially when I'm tied by the leg as now."

At an early hour the next morning Mrs. Severn was at the station, waiting for the starting of the train, and by her side, listening patiently to all her anxious forebodings and promising to attend to her numerous directions, stood John Ingle, who, as soon as he had seen Mrs. Severn safely started on her journey, walked off to Grindling to order the fly for the following day. His face was very serious as he thought of his darling weak and ill, but his heart was lighter than it had been for weeks past. It was so good to feel that again he was doing something for her and her comfort.

Next day, when, on the arrival of the train, he caught sight of Margaret's sweet face looking so pale, and heard her cry out, "There's Johnnie, mamma! oh how glad I am to get home!" his heart gave a bound, and his face got so red that everything seemed to swim before his eyes.

Dr. Pearce having said that for some time Margaret would need great care and perfect rest, Mrs. Severn hurried her off to the fly at once, where, to her delight, she found everthing exactly as she desired.

"Dear Johnnie!" she exclaimed, in her motherly gratitude, "I can always depend upon him. I knew he'd look after everything, for poor papa has a sad turn of his gout, and cannot stir just now. Won't you come back with us, Johnnie?"

"Not to-day, Mrs. Severn. I think you'll get on now."

Margaret smiled her thanks, saying, as she pointed to some rather faded violets,

"How sweet they smell! So different from those at Brighton!"

John looked at the flowers in his coat button.

"They're those I planted for you in the frame last year," he said. "I'm glad they have done well."

That night, when Margaret lay down in her own dear little bed, she could not help crying for very happiness, to think she was again in this atmosphere of peace and love. How kind and good every one was to her! Ah! she had never thought half enough of their affection before. With a shudder she recalled the misery she had gone through during the past week, when, sick and sore at heart, she was left to her own miserable reflections. She had said very little about this to her mother, for she shrank from a subject which seemed to involve the only secret she had ever in her happy life been burdened with. Fortunately, her love for Captain Curzon had been rooted up and stamped out by his own words, and nothing remained to Margaret but bitter shame that she should have given a thought of love to a man who could use her as a fool, and laugh over the easy way in which he could beguile her. She hid her hot face in the pillow, and clenched her little hand with a desire to revenge herself on him for this humiliation. In her dreams she was still thinking of him, talking to him, upbraiding him, until she woke to find her mother by her side, with a large bunch of pale double violets, which John Ingle had already brought for her.

When Margaret went down stairs, her flowers in her hand, she fully expected to find John waiting, as of old, to greet her. But he had gone; and though not a day passed without something coming, directly or indirectly, for her comfort, he resolutely stayed away, until Margaret was driven to say, rather pettishly—

"Why doesn't Johnnie come in, mamma?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Severn, "he thought he had better not. You are very weak still, and he was afraid it might hurt you."

"What nonsense, mamma! You must not make an invalid of me, or I shall get moped and fretful."

"Certainly not, dear: shall I tell Johnnie you'd like to see him?"

"No, you need not do that—but ask him to come in as usual."

"I have," said Mrs. Severn; "but papa fancied you should be kept quiet, and only see those you asked to see."

"Very well," laughed Margaret, driven into a corner, "I ask to see Johnnie."

Mrs. Severn seemed only to smile in return, though she was really thinking that after all Johnnie's plan of keeping away might prove a good one. During Margaret's absence John had confided to Mrs. Severn his determination to carry out the resolution he had taken, not to worry Margaret with his suit any more, to seem to take his dismissal as final, and to avoid her as much as possible. Of course, Margaret's illness had somewhat upset this scheme, though John still fought bravely against the desire he felt to go in and see the dear fair face which was ever before his eyes.

Gradually Margaret's strength came back, although she looked very delicate during the winter, and was only allowed to go to the nearest of the Christmas parties. When there, John never begged and implored her to dance whith him as formerly; so that, by degrees, notwithstanding all the kindness he still showed her, Margaret had to confess to herself, with a little sigh that almost sounded of regret, that at last John had evidently taken her at her word, and for the future meant them only to be friends. Perhaps it was this which caused her to think so much now of him—to so often compare him with the men she had met during her Brighton visit, and more especially with the one who had taught her such a bitter lesson. Truly the world was not made up of John Ingles, and Margaret now received his thoughtful attentions far more graciously than in the days when she had laughed at him for the pains he took to win her. Anyhow, by the spring-time the two were somehow on a very different footing, and it so happended that one afternoon, when John had seen her home from her walk, and stood side by side in front of the still welcome fire, Margaret said, suddenly,

"Why are you looking so at *me?*"

"Because I love you."

"Love me still?" she exclaimed, the bright color flushing her cheeks. "Why, John, I—I thought you had quite given me up."

Something in her tone and look made John grow exceedingly bold, and laying his hand upon her shoulder he turned her round toward him, saying,

"No, Margaret, I shall never be able to do that. I cannot even keep silent any longer. May I—Margaret, will you listen to me?"

"I don't know what you are going to say to me," she answered.

And her tremulous tone and downcast eyes made such a rush of triumphant delight come into John's heart that he caught her in his arms, saying,

"Margaret, my darling, you do! You know I want to tell you that I love you fifty times more than I ever did—and if you only think you can love me, I'll spend my life in trying to make you happy."

And Margaret made no answer except crying out—

"Oh, John, don't! The children are coming, John?"

And Bobby and Jim, coming in at the door, where almost tumbled one over the other by their sister's hasty retreat, while their pursuit of her was frustrated by Johnnie catching them by their jackets and whisking them in opposite directions, as he called out—

"Here, you young shavers! what have you got to say to me?"

The next day John paid a very early visit to Ashgate, and he and Margaret had not been long together before he was begging her to allow him to speak to her father.

Margaret hesitated, and at last said, with an unusually rosy face,

"John, I think it is only right that I should tell you something that happened at Brighton. I should not like us to have any secrets after, and I think you ought to know." And in the sweetest, most artless way in the world, Margaret confessed her little tragedy. "You don't think the less of me, John?" she asked at its conclusion, with pretty penitence.

"Less of you, my darling! I think far more of you than I can express for giving me this confidence. The vagabond!" he continued. "I wish I had the squaring of accounts with him for half an hour."

"I was dreadfully angry with him for a long time," said Margaret, "but now I can quite forgive him."

And she put her hand into John's. After he had clasped it and kissed it with all the fond pride of possession, he answered,

"And I forgive him too—but for all that I should like to punch the rascal's head."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

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FINE ARTS—A JOURNAL OF THE POLITE WORLD.—Published by the Fine Arts Publishing Co., No. 34 Bond street, New York. The first number of this journal, edited by Laura Keene and Emma Webb Nivert, two ladies who have attained to considerable celebrity by their dramatic abilities, has reached us. It is handsomely gotten up. The leading engraving is a beautiful work of art.

RIGHTED AT LAST.—A Novel with Illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, January 1872. American Edition. Contains "The Drama in England," "The Life and Writings of John Hookham Frere," "The Latest Development of Literary Poetry," "The Bank of England and the Money Market, "Forster's Life of Dickens," etc., etc. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

FOR FAMILIES AND SCHOOLS—THE ONLY STANDARD OF MORALS—THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF JESUS.—"An object of this publication, says the author, is to call public attention to the fact, that as no Gospel, whatever, is taught either in our Public Schools or Colleges, a vast responsibility, therefore, devolves on the Sunday Schools in teaching the children of this land the principles of Christian morality. The duty is of such vital importance that the utmost effort must be made to improve the Sunday Schools. That there is great need of improvement, pressing need, is seen and admitted by the warmest friends of the schools, and various suggestions are made to this end by Sunday School conventions, superintendents, teachers and others. One of the improvements, now most required, is greater simplicity, fewer business or exciting matters, to disturb the quiet of the schools, and a nearer approach to the example and instruction given by the Lord."

In furtherance of the above view, Mr. Clarke has compiled this book embodying the Christian code of morality as taught in the Bible—using the very words of the Scripture itself—including of course the "Ten Commandments," and the "Sermon on the Mount." In over 2000 texts, he thus endeavors to give a summary of the laws of morality, which shall be available by all Christian sects, and offensive to none. Published and for sale by T. Cottrell Clarke, Camden, New Jersey.

USEFULNESS OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

The list of vessels that passed through the Suez Canal in 1871 is very interesting, although, to American eyes, it is far from gratifying. It certainly disproves, so far as the experiment, *in limine*, can disprove, the assumption so often put forward, that the canal would operate disastrously to the commerce of Great Britain. The official return of the tonnage has just been published, and is as follows:

British	[illegible]	Belgian	[illegible]
French	[illegible]	American	[illegible]
Austrian	43,118	German	[illegible]
Italian	[illegible]	Spanish	3,137
Turkish	18,901	Norwegian	[illegible]
Egyptian	12,794	Portuguese	919
Dutch	6,711	Danish	[illegible]
Russian	4,951	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total			[illegible]

M. de Lesseps has reason to congratulate himself on his totals, if not on the relative degree in which the consummation of his project has thus far benefited the commerce of France.

REMEMBER.

It was the quietest, sweetest spot! All around the woods were deep, the trees tall, the undergrowth dark and thick. The hills—off-shoots of the mountains, towering in the near horizon—were full of the sweetness of profound silence. The sparkling, crystal river was deepened almost to a clear, ray-cleft blackness by the shadows cast upon it; but on the banks was white sand—white, and fine and sparkling as diamond dust—and a great rock, fifty feet high at least, and hollowed out below, jutted far over the river, and over this white, white sand. Ancient trees grew upon it to its summit, and shining mountain laurel tufted its crevices from top to bottom. And the cave thus formed by rock and trees and shrubs, thus floored by the glittering sand and edged by the cool, dark, quick-flowing river, seemed never to have echoed to a human footfall, or to have returned the accents of a mortal voice.

Into this delicious adytum Miss Blanche Harvey had penetrated. All alone, wandering through the woods, whose solitude had ceased to terrify her, she had chanced hither; had walked along the river bank, skirting carefully what seemed at first only a higher bluff, and suddenly had penetrated here—had found herself at broad noon in the cool shadows and gleaming twilight of this cavern.

Clasped hands, little hysteric murmurs of delight, little thrills of pleasure that were almost pain, were her first offerings at this shrine of beauty. Then she sat down upon the sand and looked about her with a quiet wonder and pleasure. Then she rose, and walked slowly around the inner circle of her temple, examining curiously its dampened, jagged sides, fitted with mosses and lichens, and odd shade-loving plants, that were nameless to her. Then she came back to her first seat, near the water, to watch its sparkling flow and listen to its hushed, rippling, slumberous sound. "Oh, me!" she whispered to herself, smiling with delight, "I believe I am almost really happy once more!" The silver minutes slipped by her so silently that she did not guess their flight, and lapsed in a half dream, her eyelids drooping, a smile hovering on her lips, she reclined on the dry, shining sand, and was really happy.

But dreams must end. After a long time she rose, and, walking slowly, retraced her footsteps along the crooked, rocky, beautiful river bank; then leaving the river, through the woods, then over Blueberry Hill and across the ravine, and up the clearing, and finally—a little drooping—through the garden path, up to the house.

In the porch stood Mr. Moss, the farmer, watching her.

"My gracious!" was that honest gentleman's exclamation; "my gracious, Blanchey, where ever have you been? You look nigh tired out. Come in, and let the ole woman give you something to put a little red into them tallow cheeks of yourn. I was just thinkin' of settin' out to look for you. Didn't know but what you had taken a notion to drown yourself, you are so fond of that 'ere river, and get to be a mar-maid out of hand."

The farmer laughed at this little joke, and filled his pipe. Blanche laughed too, and came up to the steps and seated herself on the top one. Mrs. Moss, busy within, heard the talking, and came to the house-door to know what it was all about. She was a good deal flurried by the fact that dinner had been over at least an hour, after having been kept waiting another hour, and anticipated some more startling cause for the detention than those beauties of nature which Blanche proceeded glowingly to describe. Good Mrs. Moss regarded her visitor's enthusiasm with a glance of benignant pity. She reflected presently, however, that Blanche, being from the city, this was to be expected. She had often observed this unaccountable fondness for hills and rocks and things in her summer boarders; and while secretly indulging in rather pharisaical reflections on their puerilities, had still acknowledged the wisdom of Providence in ordering people's intellects, so that the hills and rocks and things should help her to realize honest Iago's advice to Roderigo, and put money in her purse.

"Well," said the worthy dame, finally, "you had better come in and have some broiled chicken—I put some by for you—and a good drink o' milk, anyhow. Jacks' Hill is all well enough, but you can't live without eatin'."

Blanche rose in compliance. "Jacks' Hill!" she echoed, with a languid indignation, "what barbarian gave that heavenly spot such a name as that? Jacks' Hill!"

Mrs. Moss had turned up one "leaf" of the old-fashioned table, beside the window, and was now arranging upon it the truant's dinner, in platoons of little saucers. "Well, I dunno," she answered, good-naturedly; "I dunno whether he was a barbarian or not—most folks called him a Frenchman. But I guess it's pretty nigh all one. His name was Jacks. That's what the people about here called him, though it does seem an unchristian sort of a name for a *last* name. Any way, he just mortally haunted thet 'ere bluff, and so it got to go by his name, after a spell. He lived along o' the Dobbinses, down in the valley—he taught their young ones, I believe. I hope it was all good he taught 'em. He went away all of a sudden, but the hill held on to his name."

"That is a little better," said Blanche, sipping the cold rich milk appreciatively. "I understand it now. Poor Monsieur Jaques! Poor soul! To live with the Dobbinses, and teach their young ones! I am glad he had that spot to rest in and to remind him that Heaven comes after everything—even after teaching! Were you ever there, Mrs. Moss?"

Mrs. Moss looked up with slight surprise from the stocking that her thrifty fingers seized, to redeem the time she might spend gossiping with her boarder. "Ever there? Mor'n a hundred times, I guess, and double that. There's a mort o' huckleberries on on the far side o' Jack's Hill, and nobody would ha' said I'd been *lazin'* that had ha' seen my baskets when I got home."

Blanche sighed and did not pursue the subject.

Mrs. Moss, however, was in a talkative humor. So she continued to discourse of "many things in heaven and earth, Horatio," in that peculiar nasal monotone which the lovers of rusticity may have observed to be one of its frequent accompaniments.

And, while she talked on, Blanche looked out of the open window at the trees waving against the blue afternoon sky, at the silent, sombre mountains, felt the sweet wind on her cheeks, and inhaled its fresh perfume. She said "yes ma'am," and "no, ma'am," when these marks of attention seemed requisite, without, it must be confessed, a very clear idea of the admission involved.

"Well, as I was sayin'," continued Mrs. Moss, "he was askin' me if I had any other boarders, and I told him I hadn't but one, and didn't want no more—told him politely, of course, but sort of decided. He looked sort o' cut up at that, and said something about views and things. But as I told him, he couldn't get out o' the way of them, if he walked all day. And says I, if you are fond of rocks, I says, there's more on the other side of the river than there is here—a good sight—as farmer Stebbins knows to his cost. That 'are ten acre lot o' his ain't worth a peck of potatoes for the rocks in it. And if I couldn't take him what could I do? Hey?" Mrs. Moss looked up from her knitting, and Blanche started.

"Ma'am? Oh, yes, ma'am—no doubt."

Mrs. Moss was not to be thus deceived, however. "I do believe you've been a dreamin'," she said, with unimpaired good humor. "You ain't heard the first word I've been tellin' you about the handsome young gentleman that came here and tried to git board."

"Oh, did you take him?" said Blanche, very apprehensively.

"Lord bless the chile! And here I've been explainin' all about daughter Matilda being expected, and why I couldn't take him, and she ain't heard one blessed word."

"Thank goodness!" cried Blanche, unaffectedly relieved. "It would have been too bad to spoil my summer idyls with *coiffures*, and dresses and things. I am so glad you did not take him, Mrs. Moss."

"He was a nice lookin' fellow too," said Mrs. Moss, with something of regret. "Wouldn't ha' give any trouble, and prompt pay, I'd lay a wager. Looked like an artist I should say; looked as if he might be in for a summer idle, too. You'd have agreed there, I warrant."

Blanche smiled, and rose from the little table.

"I'm tired, Mrs. Moss, I think I shall lie down a little while, and dream in earnest. My walk was a little too long. I don't regret it though, because it taught me the way to Jack's Hill."

"Well, do, my dear; lie down and rest. It's time I was seein' to my bakin', too."

And so Blanche went into her airy chamber, into which the elm tree peered: and loosening her hair pushed it cool and far back from her forehead, and sitting beside this window, she forgot that she was tired, and dispensed with other than day dreams; for which, Mrs. Moss had furnished the material in her last descriptive sentences.

But when two half-sad, half idle tears crept down her cheeks, she shook her head as if to shake back troublesome fancies and rose smiling. "I am afraid I am growing a little idiotic," said Blanche to herself, very gravely. "There is certainly more than one artist in the world. And *my* artist would never have come *here*; he knows I am here." She went to the mirror, now, to arrange her brown tresses over again; and she smiled a little more decidedly, and a little more sadly, too, as she saw the twin wet lines on her pale cheeks; for this young lady had recently chosen, and now wept because she was obliged to pay the price annexed to her choice. And while she combed her hair, Blanche pondered; and, pondering, came to a resolution, just as she fixed in its place the last hair-pin.

In a manner oddly methodical—considering the nature of the task she had just set herself, she went to her desk, opened it, unlocked a private drawer with a key held by a ribbon round her neck, and took from it a little package. Two or three notes, two or three crisp and brown geranium leaves, two or three pretty pencil sketches, and one torn scrap of thick blue paper—that was all.

Ah, me! What memories lie hid in just such worthless things! How many, many broken hearts brood in secret over trifles like these, and put them away presently, and arrange again that smile that is worn for the world; that air of cheerful interest, that serves for the needs of friendship, and tells nobody of the dear dead hope still nursed on the faithful bosom!

It was with the most singular air imaginable that Blanche lingered over these treasures. Anguish, and self-derision, and calm resolution seemed all to be blended in it. But she did not pause long.

Relocking the desk, she took the package to the fennel-ornamented fireplace, sat down on the floor, lit a match, and, one by one, she held the letters and the geranium leaves in its small yellow flame, and laid them down tenderly to perish. The scrap of blue paper was reserved for the last. One single word was written upon it—Remember! She kissed it.

Then, all at once, she burst out crying, and laid her head down on the floor, with this same scrap against her cheek, and sobbed in abandonment and bitterness of spirit.

When she raised her head again the last gleam of lucent flame had quivered and died. She rose hurriedly, and went for another match, and behold! there was not one left. A ridiculous, painful thrill of joy shot through her at this discovery; whether the emotion seemed to her in memoriam or prophetic I don't know; but, all quivering, her fingers moving fast, she made haste to detach from the ribbon the key that had been there, and fastened in its place a locket. Into this she pressed the scrap of blue paper, and snapped the locket, and fastened the ribbon around her neck, and was secretly consoled for her late sacrifice and very much ashamed of herself.

Then she went down stairs, and sat on the porch where good Mr. Moss smoked the pipe of peace, while his wife strained her eyes to see the stitches on her needles. In this peaceful purple twilight she sat and thumbed simple accompaniments on the guitar she had brought with her, and sang to her hosts, to their vast entertainment, and wonder, and delight.

Blanche's story was not much, after all. Nothing different from a million such stories that have been felt and told since the wondering sun gazed on the first lovers leaving Eden. Blanche had loved sincerely, and had been truly loved, and the merest trifle—a mistake, behold! about an appointment—had had power to part them. There was a bitter word—a cruel answer. Then Pride stepped forward, holding up her web to catch the flies of gossip. Then coldness and final estrangement, both persuading themselves of one another's caprice and falsehood, each suffering bitterly enough. And half for heart's ease, half for health, Blanche had sought this mountain nook, and hid her face and heart from her friends.

The bit of blue paper had more of a history. It was talismanic, or they had said so in the old days. Standing together once beside a fountain in a half-lit, perfumed conservatory, some one had come to claim Blanche for a waltz. She went reluctantly enough, and, laughing, held out her hand to her lover, bidding him farewell. He, meantime, had furtively torn this tiny scrap of paper from the envelope of some gathered flowers, had scratched upon it this word, and pressed it into her hand as she withdrew it. She glanced at it afterwards while her partner whirled her round, and dropped it, blushing, into her bosom. The word only meant, Remember—the other tryst arranged for the same sweet spot. But such trifles are very sweet when youth and love are concerned in them. And meeting him again, they had laughed over the elegant *billet*, and agreed that it should be kept as a charm; that its magic word should have power to reconcile them, should circumstances—ridiculous, impossible thought!—ever cause a shadow between them. But when the shadow came, alas! Pride restrained the hand that would have sent it. And that was all.

And afterwards, the heart-sick days had dawned and faded, and bitter beautiful twilight times had wrung her breast, until slowly the long hunger of the heart had eased itself, and her love had become but a poignant recollection. And after all, life has more than love to make it bearable. That is the grand passion, it is true. But there are many smaller amongst which the heart may divide itself, and purchase in time both forgetfulness and content. Here in the society of Farmer Moss and his wife, Blanche was delivered from the hard necessity of *seeming*. And in the society of the hills and rocks and things she had an unfailing source of delight, from which she drank daily. Long, lonely, lovely walks—hours of dreaming beside the river—day after day was made beautiful with them. And Jacks' Hill came to know her as well as ever the favorite willow knew "the Dryad with the Naiad's heart" that made her home within it.

But one day, sitting happily in the cave beneath this rock, Blanche had a shock. I suppose she felt somewhat as poor Robinson Crusoe felt when he knew that his safe solitude was invaded by seeing a footprint in the sand. At any rate, this was just what Blanche saw—a footprint in the sand! A man's footprint. A gentleman's footprint, Blanche said, examining it, because the unpressed sand between the heel and toe testified to the fine arch of the foot that had stepped there.

But, after the young lady's first qualms of displeased surprise were over, she was reassured by remarking that the footstep passed straight from one side of the cave to the other. And she consoled herself with the thought that some fisherman, or other idler, had chanced to pass there, but having no eye for the beautiful, had not even paused to remark how lavishly it was bestowed upon this lonely spot.

So Blanche carefully obliterated these unwelcome marks, and took her seat, and her play-sewing, and passed her time much as usual; for in this sacred place of dreams, the young lady had arranged two smooth gray rocks with infinite pains and difficulty, one serving for a chair, and one for a table; one unique excellence of these pieces of furniture being that they were convertible; and she brought hither books or work as the mood pleased her.

The shadows were growing long when Blanche rose to go. She stood a minute, casting about her a loving farewell glance. Then something happened.

A sudden aggressive little wind swept around the edge of the cave, and dived into its inmost recesses, and from a dark corner into which another wind had doubtless driven it, it brought a broad sheet of thick white paper and left it at Blanche's feet. Blanche stooped and picked it up, and turned it over.

Then what a startled cry broke from her lips. Her eyes widened, and her very lips grew pale. She held the paper in one hand, gazing at it, and half-shrinking from it, but still devouring it with her eyes, as if its contents fascinated her. What did she see? An extremely pretty and carefully finished water-color sketch of *herself!* Herself, as she had sat, day after, day, here in Jack's Hill cave, on the gray old stone from which she had just risen. She might, indeed have been forgiven for her astonishment.

Her hair was half down—as it had been many a time—her book dropped on the sand beside her; her body bent a little forward, in a careless, childish attitude; her hands clasped loosely around her knees; her wide-open great gray eyes gazing dreamily forward. And all the beautiful, obscure background of pearly shadows, rock, sand, and strange green forms, was given as faithfully as her own figure.

It was at this that Blanche stood gazing. Her heart fluttered. A hundred wild thoughts flew through her mind. Back memory took her to the gentleman who had begged for a resting-place at Mrs. Moss's and had been denied it—back to her crazy imaginations concerning him. She felt almost choked with conflicting emotions.

But indignation came at last, and swallowed up all other feelings. Her solitude, then, had been no solitude. Her very thoughts had been read, perhaps, while all unconscious, her face had undergone this scrutiny.

A sort of angry shame sent the blood quivering into her cheeks, and thus flushing she turned at last away. If her fancy was not indeed wholly wild—if it were possible that it was indeed Henry Morton—why had he not come to her, if he had wished to see her, instead of resorting to so paltry a trick as this? She threw the sketch contemptuously back upon the sand.

But once more she approached the green stone, and knelt down, laying her head upon it. "Farewell," she whispered. "Farewell all the many more happy times we might have passed together. A spy is upon our solitude, dear old stone. Farewell!" And then she rose very hastily, animated by the sudden thought that another sketch might represent her kneeling there. She was too indignant to notice a small rasping sound as she lifted herself from her knees, which would otherwise have apprized her of a loss. The ribbon about her neck had snapped, and when she had passed on, her precious locket—the carefully-guarded casket of her chiefest treasure—lay shining on the shining sand, beside the square of thick white paper.

That night, however, Blanche discovered her loss, and greatly did she mourn it, despite her recent, and possibly ridiculous anger and suspicion. Then that reminiscent perception, of which we are all conscious, recalled the faint snap that had fallen on her heedless ears in the cave, and she guessed where it had fallen. But, dear as it was, she could not persuade herself to go thither in search of it. I don't know what her feeling was—something for which she could hardly account herself, held her back; for surely as the disturber of her solitude had never yet intruded himself upon her, she might count upon future immunity? She never thought of the sketch without a bursting blush, a quiver of the heart, which made her doubly angry because she knew it was not anger alone that caused it. And still, how she longed for her locket!

Nearly a week went by and she had not approached Jacks' Hill. Two days more, however, and she reasoned herself into the belief that the spy was by this time discouraged. And so, an hour earlier than her usual time, and a little tremulously, she set out finally on the long deferred search.

Alas! Plainly she had not been the first visitant! Both sketch and locket were gone!

I don't think Blanche was greatly surprised at this; perhaps it was what she had expected. And overcome, all unexpectedly, she threw herself down on the sand, and cried with all her heart. When the storm had exhausted itself, she rose to go; fully resolving never again to enter the charmed precincts of the cave that was no longer *hers*.

But, ah!

A slight rustling of the bushes that skirted the projecting narrow edge of the rock, made her pause. In another moment a gentleman stood a few feet from her, looking at her with an eager air, which had in it also, embarrassment and hope and fear. It was her lover—it was Henry Morton.

Again Blanche was hardly astonished; some familiar touches in the little picture, some peculiarities of color and effect, with which she had been familiar in former days, had made her so nearly sure!

The first words that were spoken were utterly commonplace—as every lady has noticed to be the case, in unexpected moments of deep feeling. He bowed doubtfully, without speaking. Blanche said, resentfully—

"It was you, then, who made the picture of me!"

And he answered:

"Forgive me. Yes, it was I!"

Then Blanche had one of those unreasoning fits of anger which are so common to women. She flushed deeply.

"Perhaps I should be much obliged to you Mr. Morton," she said. "Meantime I confess I never have supposed you likely to play the spy!"

Now, "spy" is not a pretty word, nor can it be pleasant to have it applied to one's self. But Mr. Morton smiled. He looked more happy and vastly more assured than he had looked before. He recognized the Blanche of old in this pretty pettishness; a cool indifference would have been infinitely more repressive.

"I am not especially mean spirited, I think," said Mr. Morton, gently; "but I do not mind that word much from you, Blanche."

Blanche's glance fell—the tone was so sweet, so tender! She was just able to save herself from the confession and the disgrace of tears.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "but it seemed hard that I should be watched when I thought myself alone."

"Do forgive me," he answered in a low voice, full of pleading. "Believe me, I did not watch you. I only saw you twice—the first time with such astonishment that my surprise had like to have betrayed me—the last, after a long struggle, in which my resolution failed. I came once again, when I knew you would not be here, and it was then that I dropped the sketch you found. Since then, I have indeed come every day. I did not know that you would receive me if I called upon you; and I wished to confess my fault—all my many faults—and to ask—Blanche!—to ask your forgiveness."

Blanche commanded herself with much ado, but command herself she did, and went further, and wilfully misunderstood him.

"Well," she said, with a cool smile, "the pardon being asked, there remains no more but to tell you it is granted—and to say good-by. Mr. Morton, allow me to wish you a very good evening."

So much hung on that instant! Do not doubt that into Henry Morton's ear, Pride was whispering again, but these long and bitter months had taught him the worth of her councils.

"Blanche!" he cried, in a voice that stopped her in spite of herself. She turned.

With a pale face he was holding out to her a scrap of blue paper! And he uttered the word that was written upon it.

She looked at him for one moment. And then she covered her face with her hands, and burst out crying. In one minute more she was shedding happier tears upon his shoulder, and all the dark past seemed only a troubled dream.

But who would intrude upon such a moment as that? Who would not leave them to their happiness, and to the lesson taught them by all they had suffered—the lesson that forevermore they would remember?—*Sunday Times.*

HOW THE JAPANESE AMUSE THEMSELVES.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial takes off their doings at the hotel in Washington as follows:

Stand here by the office counter and watch them. You see they have on coat, pantaloons, and vest of black cloth, a hat of stove-pipe fashion, a good fitting shirt, with plain gold studs in the bosom, a neck-tie of black silk, and—sublime achievement of American ingenuity—a paper collar! Kid gloves of rather pronounced shade, and at least two sizes too large, cover their hands, and American boots, two sizes too small, cover their feet. Some of them have become Americanized so much as to smoke a cigar and wear an oride watch chain without shame. If you notice their gait in walking you see that the movements are rather deliberate and careful—that's tight boots, and I can't blame them for being a little careful where they set their feet. But there is one thing I can't excuse in anybody (not even a high minister for Japan) having tight boots, and that is walking up four flight of stairs in order to ride down in the hotel elevator, and this these high ambassadors do persistently. You fops and exquisites of the fashionable promenade, think of that! You know, probably, what tights are; now think of walking up four long flights of stairs for the privilege of riding down in the elevator! I ought not, perhaps, to say that the high ambassadors do this at the Arlington, but certain it is that a large body of the Japanese embassy do it every day. There may be the same fun in it that there is to American boys who delight exceedingly to walk up a long hill in winter in order to slide down it on their sleds. The Japanese do not seem to care about riding when the elevator is going up—the fun to them is in coming down. If they find they are a little early for the breakfast or dinner, or that they have a few minutes leisure on their hands, up the steps they go—they think they will have a little fun. When they reach the top floor they do not ring the bell for the elevator to come after them, but they wait patiently until some one comes up from below, or until the bell is rung by somebody else who wants to go down. If they get tired of waiting they go down the same way they came up, groaning in their tight boots.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

A correspondent writes to us as follows on this subject:—

The question of remunerative employment for women has been very much considered in England, and in the line of art the same state of things seems to prevail there as here. The more established branches of art industry in which women have endeavored to gain a footing have not proved, as a rule, to be really lucrative to them, or even capable of affording much continuous occupation. Wood engraving, in which twenty-five years ago a considerable number were employed, has now, by the changes in the trade itself, become an unsuitable employment for women. The work, especially for the illustrated papers, has often to be done in a hurry, and requires long and late hours. Some fifteen years ago a few students obtained work as designers in lace and for linen work; and at present some still design patterns for wall papers, cups and saucers, &c. But the number thus employed is very small.

Two art occupations, now carried on at South Kensington, are in reality the only two manufactures in which women are employed remuneratively. One of these is the making of mosaic pictures for wall decoration, producing them quickly and cheaply; and the other is the ornamentation of a special kind of high class pottery—ornamental dishes and plaques, vases, tiles for working into walls, &c. Many of the women thus employed are daughters of officers, clergymen and professional men, for whom there used to be no work open but that of a governess. In reference to these wall pictures, a London letter writer says:

"I know a lady, the daughter of a very distinguished man, who has executed the wall decorations of her dining-room entirely with her own hands. Another lady, whose sisters are already well known in political and medical circles, is about to devote herself to decorative art as a profession."

I would like to know whether any artistic work of this kind is open to women in America. It is a line in which genuine ability would be pretty sure to find pay, which aspect of it takes the mercenary fancy of your correspondent.

[Who can answer this question?—*Ed. Post.*]

THE sweetest, the most clinging affection, is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindicative satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face, familiar, and dear, awakens pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of a rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn in their journey through life, and make their travelling irksome and unpleasant.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ THE WOMAN QUESTION.—What did she have on?

☞ Belles call a great many people to church.

☞ An obscure Alabama paper wants to know if Susan B. Anthony is the wife of Mark Anthony. No—happily for Mark.

☞ "I do not think, madam, that any man of the least sense would approve your conduct," said an indignant husband. "Sir," retorted his better half, "how can *you* judge what any man of the least sense would do?"

☞ "Spit curls" are coming into fashion again. They are to be henceforth known as "Pomeranian ringlets."

☞ Isinglass contains much glue—and Frank reports that he saw two eyes in the glass at the end of a railroad car he rode in the other morning which have stuck to him ever since.

☞ It is believed that for more than two centuries, between the years 1634 and 1853, no single Japanese voluntarily left his ocean-bound home.

☞ A gallant Wisconsin swain, whose horse broke away from the sleigh in which he and his inamorata were riding, jumped out and dragged home the sleigh and damsel a distance of seven miles.

☞ A fashion writer reports that all the new styles for gentlemen are characterized by neatness of pattern and quietness of coloring.

☞ A man in Boston has found two gold watches in the streets within a year.

☞ Capital punishment was abolished in Norway nearly twenty years since.

☞ During 1871 there were seventy-six horses in this country that trotted their mile in 2:30 or less.

☞ Lord Stanley, of Alderley, was recently compelled to pay $25 for shooting a lady's terrier dog.

☞ "I tell you, wife, I have got the plan all in my head." "Ah, then it's all in a nut-shell."

☞ The oldest newspaper in the world is the Imperial Gazette, published in Pekin and printed on silk.

☞ It was a quick retribution that overtook a Cleveland man who refused to buy a paper of a newsboy. Five minutes later he slipped down and tore his pants to an extent that will cost him several papers to repair.

☞ A student in the Edinburgh University, who was fined a guinea for disturbing his class, last week, paid the greater part of it in halpence, about a quarter of an hour being occupied in counting over the amount. This singular mode of "serving out" the professor who inflicted the fine was carried out amidst the laughter of the class, by whom the amount had been subscribed.

☞ There are 56 farmers in the Ohio Legislature, nearly half of the total number of legislators.

☞ Playing the harp, it is said, is getting to be a very fashionable accomplishment, especially among young ladies whom nature has gifted with handsome arms.

☞ A faithful hen was recently found frozen to death in her nest, at Bangor, with the eggs yet warm beneath her.

☞ Scroggs sent an order by express for his wedding cards, adding to his name, and the name of her who was to make him happy, and the favored spot, and the fortunate day of the blessed month, the letters C. O. D., to give assurance of immediate liquidation. Fancy the feeling of himself and of her who was to be, on receiving the cards at the latest practicable moment with the letters C. O. D. in the corner of every one of them.

☞ Private theatricals have reached a pitch of excellency in New York and Philadelphia never known before. An amateur play means something different from what it did ten years ago. There are ladies and gentlemen who devote themselves to nothing else, who act to perfection, and who are every bit as much before the public as if their profession was the stage. Thespis is the new society goddess.

☞ At a public "tea party" recently held in one of our country towns, where "sentiments" were in order, a timid bachelor was bold enough to remind the ladies that leap year was upon them, by offering the following:

> Three long, dreary years I have waited for this,
> Now, if you'll pop the question, I'll surely say yes.

To which a lady promptly responded, as follows:

> The man without courage to do his own wooing,
> May do his own washing, and baking, and sewing.

The bachelor wilted.

☞ Quite an excitement was created in Louisville the other day by a member of a troupe of Japanese acrobats, who rolled head over heels all the way down a long flight of stairs, turned a somersault at the bottom, jumped on to his feet, and gave an animated little Japanese chatter. The opinion of the Louisvillians was that the man had fallen down stairs, made a miraculous escape, and indulged in a little natural (to Louisville) profanity. The real state of the case was that the Oriental was taking his accustomed in-door exercise, and chattered at the end because he had stopped at the ground floor instead of going through to the cellar.

☞ The correspondent of a New York paper thus compliments the conduct of the London police during the recent Thanksgiving festivities: "You may not be aware how much the London police—poor fellows—had to endure for forty-eight hours, previous and afterward, in managing an unruly crowd, too much given to horse play, when 'the force' of 'Bobbies,' (so called after Sir Robert Peel, who organized the present police, in 1829, were left alone, by the withdrawal of the Queen's troopers from the streets of London. Next morn, when all was over, the force appeared in saddest plight, worn down by constant watchings, at times jostled, bustled, nearly overpowered, yet never losing temper, but firm to obey orders. A London policeman seems never to lose patience or temper. He never makes arrests or bullies on the street to gain fictitious renown. He does not make arrests for the sake of arrests. His forbearance is most notable. He never at all, while dressed in brief authority, cuts such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep, but is sensible to the last."

A Sad Falling Out.—It is indeed a sad falling out when, after years of the closest intimacy, the hair parts company with the head. Fortunately the lamentable separation may be easily prevented and the twain more closely united than ever by a timely and systematic use of LYON'S KATHAIRON, the most potent invigorant of the hair and promoter of its growth and beauty known to modern pharmacy. It completely obviates the dry and parched condition of the roots of the hair, which is preliminary to its coming out, by supplying the precise degree of moisture requisite to its preservation in a healthy state. It is the only true dissolvent and evaporant of dandruff and other impurities of the scalp, whose presence is injurious to the hair. As a beautifier of the head the Kathairon has no equal. It not only increases the quantity of the hair, but it improves its quality immediately, imparting a lustrous appearance and silky texture which are exceedingly attractive.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

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A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

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In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

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What Dyspepsia May End In.

Indigestion is not dangerous, say the faculty. Perhaps not in itself, while it remains mere indigestion; but look at the consequences to which it may lead, and often does lead when it becomes a chronic disease. A spark of fire is a small thing. A pressure of the foot will put it out; a breath will extinguish it. Yet it may fire a powder mill, or kindle a flame that will consume a city. In like manner, indigestion may produce gastritis, cancer of the stomach, congestion of the bowels, apoplexy, liver disease, and many other dangerous maladies. Is it not wise, then, to check it in the germ? Nothing is more clearly and indisputably established than that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS will eradicate dyspepsia in all its stages. The true policy, however, is to extinguish it in the first stages with this wholesome, powerful, and infallible tonic and alterative. It is easier to quench a spark than a flame, and it is easier to cure dyspepsia when it is first developed, than when it has made headway by neglect, and become complicated with other ailments. There is not the shadow of a doubt that the bitters are as directly antagonistic to dyspepsia as water is to fire. There are thousands of cases on record proving this fact. The remedy is safe and agreeable. All the liquors of commerce prescribed as stimulants leave a sting behind. But the sting is taken out of the spirituous basis of this great remedy by vegetable medication, and moreover, the stimulant thus medicated is of exceptional purity. Of all tonics taken as safeguards or remedies for fever and ague, bilious remittents, and other epidemics, it is the only one that can uniformly be depended on. march2-1m

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FLIGHT A SCREW PROPULSION.

The phenomena of flight, though among the most interesting and wonderful observed in the animal kingdom, and also the subject of numerous attempts at imitation by artificial means on the part of man, have nevertheless long presented to physiologists a most perplexing problem; and it is only within the past few years that anything like an adequate explanation has been offered. In 1867 Dr. J. Bell Pettigrew, of the Edinburgh University, in a lecture before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, first propounded the now celebrated theory of the figure-of-8 wave-motion of the animal wing; and this has since been confirmed by the observations of Marcy. With his spygmograph this investigator succeeded in causing the wings of birds and insects to register their own movements, and he says: "But if the frequency of the movements of the wing varies, the *form* does not vary. It is invariably the same, *it is always a double loop, a figure-of-8.* Whether this figure be more or less apparent, whether its branches be more or less equal, matters little; it exists, and an attentive examination will not fail to reveal it."

Marcy's results, however, were not needed to establish the truth of the theory, as Pettigrew himself, before giving his conclusions to the public, had, with commendable caution, subjected them to careful verification. Not waiting, therefore, for the endorsement of other workers, he continued his researches, and in 1868 published in the "Linnean Transactions" an elaborate memoir on "The Mechanical Appliances by which Flight is attained in the Animal Kingdom," which has since been followed by an interesting monograph, also published in the "Transactions," on the "Physiology of Wings." Concerning the wing and its action he lays down the following points:

The wing is usually triangular in form, finely graduated, and tapers from the root toward the tip. It is also slightly twisted upon itself, a remark that is equally true of the primary or rowing feathers of the wing of the bird. The wing is convex above and concave below; and this shape, together with the fact that in flight the wing is carried obliquely forward like a kite, enables it to penetrate the air with its dorsal surface during the up stroke, and to seize it with its ventral one alike during the down and up strokes. The wing is moveable in all its parts, and is also elastic. Its power of changing form enables it to be wielded intelligently, and its elasticity prevents shock and contributes to its continued play. The wing of the insect is usually in one piece, that of the bat and bird always in several. The curtain of the wing is continuous in the bat, because of a delicate elastic membrane which extends between the fingers of the hand and along the arm; it is noncontinuous in the bird, owing to the presence of feathers, which open and close like so many valves, during the up and down strokes.

In action, the posterior margin of the wing of the insect, bat, and bird, is rotated downwards and forwards during extensions, and upwards and backwards during flexion. During its vibration the wing descends further below the body than it rises above it, which greatly enhances the elevating power. The distal portion of the wing is twisted in a downward and forward direction at the end of the down stroke, while at the end of the up stroke it is twisted downward and backward.

During its vibrations, therefore, it *twists* and *untwists*, so that it acts as a reversing, reciprocating screw. The wing is consequently a screw, structurally and functionally. The blur or impression produced upon the eye by the rapidly oscillating wing, is *twisted* upon itself, and resembles the blade of an ordinary screw-propeller. The twisted configuration of the wing and its screwing action, are due to the presence of figure-of-8 looped curves on its anterior and posterior margins; these curves, when the wing is vibrating, reversing, and reciprocating in such a manner as to make the wing change in form in all its parts.

Dr. Pettigrew has derived his ideas of the structures and movements of wings from careful anatomical study, and the most patient observation and experiment with winged animals themselves, and in view of these facts, he does not hesitate to avow the opinion that a thorough knowledge of this branch of animal mechanics will yet give to man the power of *artificial flight.*

SLEEP, FAINTING, APOPLEXY.

When a man is asleep, his pulse beats and his lungs play, but he is without sense, and you can easily wake him up.

If a person faints, he too is without sense, but he has no pulse and does not breathe.

Apoplexy is between the two; the heart beats as in sleep, and there is no sense as in fainting, but you can't shake the man back to life.

In sleep the face is natural.

In a fainting fit it has the pallor of death.

In apoplexy it is swollen, turgid and fairly livid.

If a man is asleep, let him alone; nature will wake him up when he has got sleep enough.

When a person faints, all that is needed is to lay him down flat on the floor and he will "come to" in double quick time. If, then, a man is asleep, let him alone, for the face is natural.

If a man has fainted, lay him flat on his back, for his face is deadly pale.

If a man is apoplectic, set him in a chair, because the face is turgid, swollen and livid with its excess of blood.

◆

☞ Duluth is only two years old, as her newspapers take frequent occasion to say, and yet she has accumulated a debt of $100,000, and the anxious inquiry is, Where has the money gone to?

☞ Good drinking water is as dear in Madrid as ordinary claret wine, and is sold habitually.

☞ Atlanta, Ga., wants a new jail, the old one being so full, they say, that the prisoners' legs are sticking out of the windows.

☞ In England it is not permitted to marry after twelve o'clock in the day.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN WOMEN COMPARED.

BY ALBERT RHODES.

Perhaps the greatest difference between the American and the French women is in the voice. That of the former is pitched in a high key, is thin, often metallic, and rises at times almost to a shriek. The Gallic woman's has more volume, is sympathetic and deeper. A harmonious tone in conversation is cultivated, and there are gentle vibrations in the *timbre*, which exert a magnetic influence where there is a desire to please. It is powerful in declamation, as in the mouth of a Rachel, and soft and winning in the quiet of private life. It is a head-voice in America; in France it is from the chest. The nasal sounds, unlike those of New England, come up vibrating from the chest and throat with strong support from the mouth, and thus modified are free from the undignified and discordant twang of the eastern coast.

The face of the American woman is more beautiful than that of any other country. It has delicacy of coloring and feature, and finesse and intellectuality in expression; but the body supporting the head, regarded from an artistic and hygienic point of view, is inferior. For breathing and digesting, the upper part is lacking in depth, and for the functions of a mother the hips are too narrow. In a word, the American is more fragile; she is hardly a Diana, and the French is something more, although not the Hebe of Rubens.

The French woman's face is as handsome as that of any other in Europe, and fades more slowly. At forty she glides into an *embonpoint* with an unwrinkled face and a good complexion—at the age when the English woman becomes heavy necked and frowsy, and the American pale and wrinkled. The climate has something to do with this, but doubtless her nourishing food, generous wine, and out-of-door air, much more. Her mode of living contributes thereto—the exercise and development of each function in a more natural and sensuous manner than with us. There are ascetic ideas in America which have a tendency to retard the physical development of woman; for mind moulds matter. The extremes of American life are unfavorable to a healthy growth, in its fastness as well as its asceticism, where the flesh is corrupted by dissipation or mortified by certain religious teachings. Aside from these causes is a prevalent notion that it is beneath the dignity of man and woman to occupy themselves with what they shall eat and what they shall drink.

The American has more intellect than her French sister, but the latter has softness where she has pertness. There is nervous excitability and cleverness in one, mellowness and equality of character in the other. The forced, brilliant vitality of woman in America is subject to fits of reaction, for nature has its limit. In the French woman the mind is more even and cheerful, and in the absence of exhaustive and irregular demands made upon it, the uniform health is better.

In qualities of a purely mental character, the equal of the American woman cannot perhaps be found in the world; but with all her knowledge and intellectual activity, she lacks that which made the Greeks what they have been and the French what they are—organic cultivation. Entwined in these words are taste and art. A riper civilization, though not a purer, will invest her with a knowledge of these things and a harmony of character not now possessed; and with it will come, alas! that decadence in morals which always marches on the heels of the beautiful in every age and in every climate. It is sad that such heavy tribute should be exacted as the price of an added enjoyment, but art is inexorable.—*Galaxy.*

The Influence of Travel.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

"Look at the wonderfully genial influence which recent travel has bred between the peoples of England and of America!

"The journey to America has become popular, nay, fashionable; and look at the change of tone which has been produced by it! Year by year the two nations have been drawing closer and closer to one another: the Americans are proud of us—they always were; but now we are growing proud of them. Some people tell us that in one hundred years our coal will be exhausted, and that we shall be an agricultural people of about twenty-five millions. Let it be so if God wills it—but we shall still look on America with her hundreds of millions with pride. A knowledge of them, gained by intercommunication, has removed all jealousy; and if they are to be more powerful than ourselves, we have the satisfaction of knowing that they are carrying freedom and civilization wherever they go. Every traveller who goes to America brings back a new message of peace. Eleven years ago it was all anger between us—and had it not been for a few cool and wise heads on both sides of the Atlantic, we might have been at war. Eleven years ago they would have thrown our money back in our teeth, even if we had offered it. What do we see now? One of their most beautiful cities and one of their fairest provinces have been ruined by a visitation of God: instantly every Englishman, Scotchman, and Irishman, worthy of the name, dashes to their assistance; they receive our aid without the smallest *arrière-pensée*, and thank us in terms which we, at all events, shall never forget, paying us ten times over in sheer good-will. The amount we are sending to Chicago and Michigan is very small; it is not half enough at present; but the two nations know one another now so well that the will is taken for the deed, and they thank us in terms which warm the heart of every true man among us. Why is this? Because we have got to understand one another by circulating in one another's countries, and by finding out that we both want the same thing—peace, freedom, and sound government. Newspapers, with all their enormous value, are sad mischief-makers sometimes. Nations will never get to know one another through their newspapers: a hundred things prevent any newspaper from giving the public opinion of more than a certain section of the community.

"What is the simple remedy for this? Let the intelligent citizens circulate more among one another, and speak by word of mouth. This is only to be gained by circulation, or in other words, by travel."

HOW TO WRITE.

Write, said one of the wise old Grecians, not so that you *may* be understood, but so that you *must* be. It is the sovereign rule for the formation of a good style. Unless you actually have something which you wish to make known to your readers, it is better to write nothing at all. But if you have any information to convey, whether about skim-milk or the milky way, it is worth while to convey it intelligibly. According to Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Showman, had a picture in his famous exhibition of the precise subject of which no one was quite sure. He speculated about it for six months, and then called on his artist, in a frenzy, to define the work, and the artist said, "It is useless longer to disguise the fact: these are horses!" Half the writing of modern times seems to us an elaborate attempt to disguise the facts it professes to set forth. It would be much better to say "these are horses" in the beginning. A neighbor of ours speaks of "a style that would make custard out of cornstarch," but it is a better thing to have milk and eggs and sugar for your custard, and turn your corn-starch into its own mould.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
  Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
  Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen! support me,
  Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Hearken unto the great secrets
  Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
  Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
  Strew dark Actium's fatal shore—;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
  Prompt to do their master's will—
I must perish like a Roman,
  Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
  Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
  'Twas himself that struck the blow.
Hear then, pillowed on thy bosom,
  Ere his star fades quite away,
Him, who, drunk with thy caresses,
  Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
  Dare assail my fame of Rome,
Where the noble spouse Octavia
  Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her—say the gods have told me—
  Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
  Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
  Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
  With the splendors of thy smile;
Give this Cæsar crowns and arches,
  Let his brow the laurel twine,
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
  Triumphing in love like thine,

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
  Mark th' insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming—quick! my falchion,
  Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
  Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
  Cleopatra—Rome—farewell.

SABRES AND SKIRTS.

A short time ago, while conversing with a prominent general of the United States cavalry, he asked how it was that women could wear for a lifetime all their clothing suspended from the waist, while the soldiers could not endure the weight of a sabre, even for a few days, when it was attached simply to a belt, although the sabre is less in weight than the bulk of women's skirts. And he gave it as his experience that a sabre carried in that way at first seemed only a trifling matter, but in a few days it caused an unendurable fatigue, seemed to take the very life out of them, and produced permanent disease at a most rapid rate. He also stated that it was because serious injuries followed so rapidly that straps were ordered to be attached to the belt so that the weight could be borne by the shoulders.

Similar testimony as to the inability of men to endure any weight or pressure at the waist is given by many surgeons who served during the late war. One, who had much experience among the Zouaves, stated that when they first entered the service some portion of their accoutrements were worn attached to a belt simply; but so rapidly was a permanent and distressing injury produced, and so many were the strong men thus lost to the army, that they, too, were obliged to obviate the difficulty by attaching straps to the belt.

Now among modern civilized nations men are physically the strongest, and soldiers are picked men, as those that have any defect are not admitted into the army; and yet it is the accepted testimony that the strongest of the race cannot endure any pressure at the waist. Yet women wear it for a lifetime, and if any one doubts that they suffer equally disastrous results, he has only to accept the testimony of those considered indisputable authority, and also to make what observations and inquiries he can for himself.

There is evidently some cause at work that makes woman's period of vigor a short one. All know that in modern civilized nations, as a rule, women fade sooner than men, and this is always assigned as a reason why women should marry men older than themselves. Statistics show that as many women live to grow old as men; that they fade sooner is sufficiently accounted for by this pressure at the waist, without any other cause whatever.

The serious results produced by it are, first, loss of the *bloom* of health; then of the feling of vigor; then comes the weak back, which is simply debility of the muscles that surround the body and serve to maintain its erect position; and then follows permanent disease. Few are the women not in some one of these stages. Nor is it possible to avoid all these evil consequences by observing other laws of health, or by any amount of out-door life.

Walking, the most healthful exercise, is injurious with any weight at the waist. That is why a woman usually returns from a walk fatigued instead of refreshed, "and sickens with the very means of health."

The natural dread of looking faded and old should induce women to avoid as much of this weight as possible. Though with woman's dress it cannot be entirely laid aside, there are various little ways by which it can be very materially lessened, and just in the proportion that it is lessened will the freshness of youth be retained.

These various ways do not consist of any peculiar costume. It is human nature to aim at beauty in dress, even at the expense of health and long life, and this beauty is chiefly what we are accustomed to, for who so grotesque as one arrayed in peculiar or obsolete styles? Therefore all who do not court notoriety dress *à la mode.* But in two persons arrayed equally in the height of the fashion there may be a difference of many pounds in the weight suspended at the waist. And it is as to the manner of avoiding these superfluous pounds that a few practical directions will be given, relating chiefly to the making of dresses.

First, do not weigh the skirt down with linings. There is no end to the dresses one sees overloaded in this way, and that, too, without any discrimination as to whether the material is heavy or light. The skirt will be lined throughout with paper-muslin, then with wigging to the depth of one-third of the skirt, then there will be a narrow facing besides. Now almost all this can be dispensed with, wigging from a quarter to half a yard in depth alone being all-sufficient. This change will not only be no detriment, but a decided gain in the appearance of the skirt, as, not being dragged down by its own weight, it will stand out more gracefully. Also all linings of flounces, ruffles, and bands used in trimming can be omitted. Though much used, they are not necessary, and it is very seldom the dress will not look just as well without them.

These changes will save the labor of the dressmaker and the strength of the wearer, for the absence of all these linings makes more difference in the weight than one would suppose.

Besides this actual lightening of the material, there is another point than can hardly have too much stress laid upon it. The skirt of the dress should invariably be firmly attached to the waist. This places the weight on the shoulders, and prevents the incalculable evils that otherwise result. A good work would be accomplished if women could be induced to follow this one suggestion alone; for this is an ounce of prevention that is worth more than many pounds of cure. The skirt and panier, instead of being made open behind, can be made open in front, the first seam to the left, and then both can be firmly tacked to the basque. In the same manner the skirt can be attached to the polonaise.

These few directions can be easily followed, and will not interfere with any fashion, and by attending to them dress-makers can prove themselves the best physicians.

For persons already sensitive to the weight of their clothing the lighter fabrics should be selected, and the less elaborate styles of trimming.

One should also take heed to the number and kind of muslin skirts worn. Heavy muslins should never be used for this purpose, the lighter ones being much more comfortable. And as the least weight possible is desirable in walking, the plainer skirts should be worn, and not the heavier flounced ones. Leave these for house wear exclusively.

Now, if these few simple directions for lightening the load—a little here, and a little, there—seem inadequate, remember the Scotch proverb, "Many a little makes a muckle," and also that it was only proposed to mention those that would not interfere in the least with the prevailing styles; and remember, too, that as it was the last *feather* that broke the camel's back, so many a woman may be saved if she observes these little precautions.

THE GYPSY CAMPS.

THE MEETING OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE NOW DECIMATED RACE.

A great congress of that curious people known as Gypsies is now in session near Stuttgardt, in Wurtemburg. At this place four hundred representatives of this nomadic race are assembled under the direction of their king, Joseph Reinhardt, a man eighty years of age, and a genuine Gypsy in appearance. Although romance and the drama have made these people familiar to us, the known facts connected with their history to do not carry us back farther than a period four centuries ago. Their first appearance is noted as having occurred on the Elbe, when a band of three hundred, under their leader, Michael, Duke of Egypt, as he called himself, appeared among the people of the Hesse towns, bringing with them a letter of recommendation from the Emperor Sigismund, which was subsequently found to be a forgery. They told the people that they were doomed to wander abroad upon the face of the earth as a punishment for their apostacy from Christianity to paganism. They were kindly treated by the credulous villagers, but, true to their habits, they stole everything portable upon which they could lay their hands, and their adventure ended with the hanging of the majority of their number by the incensed people, and the flight of the rest. We next hear of them in Saxony, Bohemia, Bavaria, Switzerland, France and Spain, with leaders who bore such titles as King of Galilee, Emperor of Tunis, and Duke of Egypt. Their knavishness and thefts brought upon them persecutions, hangings, and burnings at the stake in all countries. But, notwithstanding these decimations of their numbers, they increased wonderfully, and it is only since about a hundred years ago, when the cruel laws against them were repealed, that we find them gradually diminishing in number. Where there were thousands of these strange people two or three hundred years ago, there are now only hundreds, and it would seem that under the blighting, to them, influence of advancing civilization, the *Gitanis*, as the Spaniards say; the *Bohemiennes*, as the French call them, and the Gypsy, as the English have it are passing away from the face of the earth, leaving behind them in truth really nothing more than the shadow of a name.—*Washington Patriot.*

A MAGNIFICENT SIGHT.

A gentleman who writes from Bombay, the station at which Professor Lockyer, of the British Eclipse Expedition, viewed the recent eclipse, writes to Nature as follows:

"It does not happen more than once in a lifetime to see such a glorious and magnificent sight as that from which I have just returned—that is, the total eclipse of the sun. I have seen many eclipses before, but never anything to equal this. I was engaged to go with the Morgans to the top of the hill to see it. Got up at six, and found it a lovely morning; rode up to Morgan's, about a half mile, carrying with me glasses, smoked glass and sun hat. Got there before seven, and found the eclipse already begun. Got our two mirrors and watched the hole in the sun grow bigger and bigger. It began from the top, and we all went off to the highest point on the hill, from whence we could see all Ooly and the mountains around. When the eclipse got so far, the cold on the mountain grew much greater, the grass was so wet that no one's boots kept it out, the feet and hands grew cold, and with your back to the sun the light over the country was like the twilight or the earliest dawn. Gradually the lower streak got thinner and thinner, until at last there shone a light like the famous lime-light, and in a moment or two that went out and the sun was totally concealed; many stars were visible, the whole country looked dark—that is, half dark, like moonlight—the crows stopped cawing, and for two minutes and a half the total eclipse lasted, a sight I shall never forget, and then the lime-light again appeared at the bottom rim of the sun, and gradually more and more of him appeared, the crows began again at once, and the cocks began to crow; the shadow now was inverted, and by degrees got smaller, until at nine o'clock the eclipse was over. I cannot but suppose that the scientific men must have had grand opportunities of observation, and that to-day's pencil will carry home many a description. Anything more beautiful, more sublime, or more perfect it would be impossible to conceive."

WORK AND GOOD LOOKS.

A correspondent of the American Odd-fellow has some good ideas on the importance of mental activity in retaining a good face. He says:—"We were speaking of handsome men the other evening, and I was wondering why K. had so lost the beauty for which five years ago he was so famous. 'Oh, it's because he never did anything,' said B.; 'he never worked, thought, or suffered. You must have the mind chiselling away at the features, if you want handsome middle-aged men.' Since hearing that remark, I have been on the watch to see whether it is generally true—and it is. A handsome man who does nothing but eat and drink grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost, but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his fine lines in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve, if possible, the original design."

JAPANESE BEAUTIES.

In the suite of the Japanese embassador, who may be expected in New York about these days, are five young ladies, daughters of high officials. They are, moreover, said to be very beautiful and intelligent. They dress in a gorgeous yet tasteful manner, affecting party-colored silks. The belle of the beautiful bevy has dark and languishing eyes, which, we are startled to learn, "have within them all the light and depth which one may see in an autumnal sunset." The faces of the ladies are "not oval, nor yet are they long." Ravishing smiles dwell perennially on their lips; their complexions are faultless, while their minds seem to be as superfine as their persons, and their intelligence is covertly estimated as far excelling that of the average *belle Americaine.* They are going to Vassar College, at Poughkeepsie, where the final, full, and perfect polish of the United States is expected to be put upon them.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

The embassy now visiting this country is by far the most important one that ever left Japan, being composed of some of the highest dignitaries of the empire, representatives of noble families and commissioners of the principal departments. In reply to the remarks of the Speaker of the House of Representatives welcoming the embassy, the chief ambassador, Iwakura, said: "We came for enlightenment. New knowledge rises daily before us, and when a complete trip shall have passed in review an encircled globe we shall gather together our treasures of knowledge. In the future our extended commerce will unite our national interests in a thousand forms," etc. It is not probable the embassy will enter into trade with us, but they will be close observers, and on their return will make known to their countrymen what they have seen. The purpose in visiting Philadelphia is to inspect our manufactories, etc., and to learn as much as possible during their stay of the customs and manners of the people of the second city in America. During their sojourn in Washington the embassy has been most hospitably entertained by the officials of all branches of the Government and the citizens in general.

As appropriate to the subject we give the annexed from the current number of Harper's Weekly: "The arrival of the Japanese embassy seems to many persons only a repetition of that of Mr. Burlingame from China. But there is no dispute as to the significance of the Japanese movement. The revolution in that country is one of the most extraordinary in history, and the proof of its radical and thorough character is the decision of the empire to unseal itself and seek the enlightenment of what it regards as a superior civilization. The sincerity of the effort is shown by the character and activity of the resident Japanese minister, or charge d'affaires, in the United States, Mr. Arinori Mori. Instead of resting in the elegant indifference which usually distinguishes the diplomatic character, the Japanese minister devotes himself with the utmost earnestness to the study of our institutions and the mastery of that knowledge which is the key of modern progress. He is still a young man, but he has borne an important part in the regeneration of the empire, and his official presence here is sufficient evidence of the trust which is reposed in him.

Mr. Morri is engaged in the careful consideration of our system of free schools, with the intention of introducing a similar system into Japan. The school language of that country at the present time is Chinese. The earliest lessons are learned by rote in that tongue, and they are taken from the moral classics of China. But as it is a language as foreign to the Japanese as the English, Mr. Mori does not despair of substituting the English for the Chinese as the school language of his country. In the meantime, the fact that gentlemen have been invited to that country from the United States to supervise the introduction of improved agricultural and financial systems, and that the reception of such strangers is most cordial, shown again the sincerity and the scope of the Japanese revolution."

The impression thus far produced by the embassy of Iwakura and his associates is most agreeable. The chief ambassador is a gentleman who would be everywhere conspicuous by refinement and serenity of manner and an aspect of superior intelligence. That he is the Prime Minister of an Asiatic government, the most ancient and hitherto the least known of any, is a fact which instinctively recalls the German proverb, "Beyond the mountains are men also."

PERSONAL.

RUMOR has it that the Japanese Mikado contemplates a visit to the United States in his own sacred person.

FROM the fund given by Mr. Peabody to the city of London buildings have been erected in which nine hundred families are now accommodated.

GARIBALDI is expected to visit England soon.

AT Booth's Theatre, recently, the dead body of Julius Cæsar moved and coughed, which made all the other actors smile.

NILSSON was popular in Syracuse. No doubt about it. Among the out-of-town people who came to hear her was a bevy of girls from Wells Female College at Aurora. Only those who were in the class of vocal music were allowed to be of the party. They desired to be, and were, presented to the warbler. As they took leave of the object of their admiration they were affected to tears. One pretty girl, evidently "far gone," was heard to exclaim, "I can't see Nilsson, but *I kissed her trunk!*"

AMONG the persons belonging to the Japanese Embassy just arrived, is that little chap "Tommy" who was here thirteen years ago, and who was the star infant of that troupe. He is now a well-grown, intelligent young man, second secretary of the embassy, and his actual name is Kedjiro Nagano. "Kedj"—will be quite on his old stamping ground in New York, and will doubtless find out some of the youngsters with whom he used to go careering about town.

THE Savannah News perpetrates this: In Henry county, on the 28th ultimo, Mr. T. Winkle to Miss Fannie Starr. T. Winkle, T. Winkle, little Starr.

IT is related of Lessing that he was occasionally so absent minded that once he knocked at his own door, when the servant, not recognizing her master, looked out of the window and said, "The Professor is not at home." "Oh, very well," replied Lessing, composedly walking away, "I will call again."

HENRY DICKENS, son of C. D., has recently graduated with high honors at Cambridge, England. His father had high hopes of him from his boyhood. The eldest daughter of Dickens, Mrs. Collins, lately sent a water-color picture to the exhibition in London, and it was at once accepted as a work evincing great talent.

WHAT IS COURTSHIP?

A bewildering definition of the word "courtship" was given by a witness in an amusing breach-of-promise case recently tried in London. Mr. Chambers, counsel for the plaintiff, remonstrated with the witness for using the word. "I am an old bachelor," said he, "and don't understand courtship? How is it done? What is courtship?" The witness, who being a married lady might reasonably be expected to answer by the light of her own experience, defined it thus:—"Looking at each other, taking hold of each other's hands, and all that kind of thing." The definition, though puzzling to old bachelors, is good. Persons experienced in such matters will have no difficulty in interpreting the last clause to their own satisfaction; indeed, "all that sort of thing" is quite as exact an interpretation as is wanted for the indescribable art of making love.

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VENTILATION.—Is not the ventilation of large assembly-rooms one of the unsolved problems of science? Is there on the planet at this moment a single room of that kind which is capable of being properly supplied with fresh air? Is it not humiliating to human pride, and to the nineteenth century, that we who have made steam and lightning our hack-horses and our postmen, cannot fashion a room in which five hundred people can be fed with pure air?

A SAD HISTORY.

A very few years ago there flashed upon the American stage a woman of marvellous beauty and of perfect form—a form, too, not jealously concealed. She was acknowledged to be the handsomest player of the day. She turned the heads of all the young men who saw her, and addled the brains of not a few of the old ones. She was the lion (the lioness, if you like it better,) of the day. The newspapers teemed with her praises, and even dignified magazines bowed the knee before her. Her voice, we are told, was like unto "vocal velvet," her appearance majestic, her limbs indescribable, yet modestly but minutely described, and unrivalled. If the reader has ever entered a theatre he knows that we mean the very Queen of the Blondes, the charming *Stalacta* of the "Black Crook"—Pauline Markham. Recently we visited New York, and to put in a dull afternoon, wandered to Wood's Museum. We found that Miss Markham was one of the company. Though surprised that we had heard nothing of her through the newspapers, and that she should be an actor at the afternoon performance of a museum, we fully expected not exactly to see her as dashing as ever, but certainly to find her still in some respects the Markham of memory. To say that we were astonished when she came on fails to express our feelings. The curtain rose, and, in theatrical parlance, a lady seated was discovered. In her we recognized not a feature of Pauline Markham—yet it was she. She was pale, wan and weak, so much so, indeed, that it was evident she went through her part in the greatest pain. It was not a momentary sickness; what we beheld was the utter wreck of this once magnificent being. A harsh, deep cough told sadly and emphatically enough of consumption, and of consumption not just commenced. To us the sight was painful. A year ago this woman lived the life of a princess; wealth was poured into her lap. Now she was not worthy to grace even the evening programme of a place of amusement unrecognized as a theatre, and literally tottered afternoon after afternoon about the stage that she might earn enough to keep yet awhile longer the little life still left her. Several times she sought the support of the scenery, when compelled to stand a moment or two. A burlesque followed the comedy—just such a burlesque as she was wont of old to dash through in the gayest of gay spirits. She was allotted the second, not the first part. A cough had replaced her ringing laugh, a sickly smile the bright glances of her eyes. The career of this woman is only out of the common order in that it has been so short. She triumphed scarcely quarter the average length of time. Like thousands before, she thought her beauty and her talents (for she had the latter too) everlasting, and neglected the warnings which must have come to her until too late. How gladly now would she take a third of what an hour's shopping has time and again cost her.—*Phila. Press.*

CARVING.

Carving is an art which must be learned and ladies as well as gentlemen should practice it, for often the task devolves upon them in their own homes. Nothing is more uncomfortable to those who are at the table waiting for their slice of meat, than to feel that the carving of it is onerous to the one at the head of the table. A sharp knife, knowledge, and practice are the requisites. We clip from an exchange directions for carving a turkey:

"In carving turkey, cut off the wing nearest to you first; then the leg and second joint; then slice the breast until a rounded piece appears; insert the knife and separate from the rest this part, which is the nicest bit of the breast; next comes the 'merry-thought.' After this, turn over the bird a little, and just below the breast you will find the oyster, which you separate as you did the inner breast. The side-bone lies beside the rump, and the desired morsel can be taken without separating the whole bone. Proceed the same with the other side. The fork need not be removed during the whole process."

YOUNG MEN, BEWARE!

A Cleveland paper makes the astounding announcement that—"One of the most reliable fashion importers of this city says that ladies' dresses for spring wear are made with an Alexis polonaise, the waist of which contains a steel trap concealed by a masked panier. When a young gentleman calls who is considered a catch, and accidentally or otherwise places his arm around the wearer's waist, he hears a click, and finds his arm caught. A brother and lamp enters, and—tableau. Under the circumstances, it would be well for young men to be careful. The neat little arrangement will, of course, be generally adopted, and there's no telling who may have it. If the lady has no big brother, cousin, or other invention of this kind, the trap will be comparatively of little account, but all the facts should be known in advance of commencing hostilities."

GOETHE ON SHAKSPEARE AND BYRON.

Goethe was a passionate admirer of Shakspeare and Byron. He considered them as the two greatest poets of any age and of any country. Of Shakspeare he said: "A dramatic talent of any importance could not forbear to notice Shakspeare's works—nay, could not forbear to study them. Having studied them, he must be aware that Shakspeare has already exhausted the whole of human nature in all its tendencies, in all its heights and depths; and that, in fact, there remains for him, the after-comer, nothing more to do." Of Byron, he said a character of such eminence had never existed before, and, probably, would never come again.

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[From the Republican, Albion, N.Y., March 6, 1872.

To no paper do we look for furnishing an hour or two's amusement and instruction more than to the Saturday Evening Post—"the great family paper for half a century." The Post comes each week brimful of light and moral reading, recipes, puzzles, etc., etc., which are always welcome to the readers of the paper. We believe that the Post is not equaled in its sphere of literature by any other publication.

[From the Locomotive, Opelika, Ala., March 6, 1872.]

STERLING!—By the above term we mean the old, tried and popular literary journal, the Saturday Evening Post. This paper, which was commenced just fifty years ago, has made its appearance weekly before the host of friends that daily augment in numbers. The contributors to this journal are writers of rare talent, and have made it one of the finest specimens of literary merit imaginable. We consider the Post as being a most excellent paper, and which no one will regret subscribing for.

[From the News, Sandy Creek, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1872.]

As a literary paper the Saturday Evening Post is fast gaining a distinguished prominence over all its cotemporaries. While its stories are generally conceded to be the very best, and the paper is much larger than the other literary papers, its price is only $2.50—fifty cents less than any publication ranking with it.

[From the Register, Clinton, Ill., Feb. 27, 1872.]

HALF A CENTURY.—For fifty years the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, has held its position as one of the best family papers in the country, and to-day vies in beauty and vigor with the youngest of the literary candidates.

TRUST.

By that strange shadow on your brow
And in your darkened eyes,
I know that you are angry now—
Nay, show not such surprise—
Do you suppose, that waiting there,
I saw not how you frowned?
I watched your discontented air
Each time the dance came round.
I would not break your gloomy mood,
But let you frown your fill—
For watchfulness in love is good,
But trust is better still.

Have I confessed my love to you,
And hearkened all you said,
For you to doubt me (as you do,
Although you shake your head),
Because of each slight foppish thing
That gives me tender looks,
And turns the pages when I sing,
Or finds my music-books?
In your too great solicitude,
I say you treat me ill—
For watchfulness in love is good,
But trust is better still.

Nay, sir; your brows must not be bent;
Don't try to frown me down.
Ah! now I see that you relent;
I will not let you frown.
Have you forgotten that spring day
When in the lanes we strolled,
And how the twilight passed away
Before your tale was told?
Then trust me, as you said you would—
Ah, yes, I know you will—
For watchfulness in love is good,
But trust is better still.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER X.

THE WILD FLOWER OF DOVEDALE—A MYSTERY.

Willy proceeded to execute the mission his mother had entrusted to him at his best speed, and with the determination to fulfill his instructions to the very letter. He was not without suspicions and mistrust, which were unpleasant to him, for he hated mystery of all kind—yet, withal, he had the very strongest faith in the rectitude of his mother, in mind, spirit, and deed; and he was content to believe that she had sound reasons and upright intentions in the steps she was taking in reference to the packet, although she had spoken to him of its contents in vague terms. Therefore, despite his dislike of the mode of procedure, he decided to perform the task as correctly and as quickly as possible.

He found the horse awaiting him at the little postern named by her, and a groom at the station in the livery of Lord Belvoir, who took charge of the horse directly he dismounted, and leaping on its back galloped off without a word.

This new incident disturbed him, for he wondered, with some disquiet, what could be the relations existing between his mother and Lord Belvoir. They were evidently exceedingly displeasing to his father, and, therefore, it seemed, could scarcely be quite reputable to her.

Yet his cheek suddenly lit up with shame, as the ignominious thought flashed up to his brain, and at the same time with a contraction of his fingers, he suggested to himself that it would not be well for any one to give utterance to the derogatory fancy which for his own manhood's sake he wished had never crossed his mind at all.

However, he steered his way to London, thence to Matlock, and subsequently to Ashbourne, without taking rest. Not that he was anxious to get back in a hurry to Fairholme Priors, where he was pretty sure a stormy interview with his father awaited him, but an uneasy feeling oppressed him, and he knew it would continue until he had got rid of the packet, and had had something of a satisfactory explanation with his mother with respect to the condition of affairs beneath the paternal roof.

So long as he could remember, there had been a strange division in the household, his father and mother each having a separate establishment, and in one of which he passed the greater portion of his young life, when not at school; and the other, his father's, to which he was occasionally introduced, as he might now and then have been admitted to the presence of a sovereign.

As a rule, the state of affairs at home had always borne an unsettled, unsocial, and unsatisfactory character; so that he was compelled to take, as a *dernier ressort* in the way of choice, grooms and gamekeepers, to get his riding, shooting, and fishing; and but for the genial, generous nature, which enabled him to find some enjoyment in the society of those in a position inferior to his own, he would have preferred to have passed his time at college without coming home at all.

Now, however, he had reached an age in which the unsettled state of domestic affairs in his father's house affected him in a totally different way to what it had hitherto done.

The untainted reputation of his family name was as dear to him as his own life; and as he knew himself to be the son and heir to large estates, and he assumed therefore to considerable wealth, and as well the lineal descendant of two ancient families, he foresaw that the family name, the family honor, the family welfare, so far as other descendants were to be considered, would be entrusted to his keeping sooner or later.

Consequently, the time was at hand, if it had not already arrived, when he should be admitted to the confidence of both parents, especially as his father seemed bent on arranging his marriage with a high hand; so he resolved upon his return to Fairholme Priors to assume what he regarded as his rightful position, and demand explanations which might enable him to forecast his future career.

He did not trouble himself to surmise that events sometimes fly faster than designed action, and that it would be easier for circumstances to run away with him than he with them.

By the time he had reached Ashbourne, however, he had arranged his plan of proceedings, and had gone through a brace of interviews with his father and mother, which placed matters, so far as he was concerned, on a perfectly satisfactory basis; but, alas! like many other imaginary conversations, they never took place. What was more, they were of a kind which, taking into account the character of Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby, never could take place.

No matter, he landed at Ashbourne full of his good resolutions, and feeling that his packet was safe, pressed on to Dovedale.

It was a lovely evening, with a warm Italian sky, merging from a warm blue into a rose pink and amber of the palest and most delicate hue, down to where the sun, like a globe of molten gold, was sinking behind the hills.

Dovedale was distant about three miles, and as in a place where walking is the rule, and riding the exception, a pedestrian would attract the least notice, he decided upon walking.

The Thorp Cloud, a curious high conical hill, was his landmark, and he directed his steps towards it, avoiding that part of the dale in which his father's seat, Dovedale Manors, stood. Yet he could see its turrets and pinnacles above the tree tops; the declining sun gilding its highest points, and tinging the massive trees in which it appeared embowered with purple, and amethyst, and aureate tints. Upon the topmost tower there yet upreared its head a flag-staff, and as he gazed at it its naked rigid form gave a deserted look to the buildings it surmounted, and brought something like a sigh from his lips, and a feeling of dejection into his mind.

He contracted his brows as he fastened his eyes on it, and he muttered—

"My day will come. Then shall the three stags' heads and the mailed hand, emblazoned on the flag of blue and silver, flaunt proudly from yonder staff."

Yet the boast seemed only to depress him the more, and he pressed onward until he had reached and passed the base of the Thorp Cloud, and turned into the deep ravine called Bunsterdale.

The road descended abruptly and darkly in the twilight, until he could barely see his footing; still, though it was long since he had been there, he knew every inch of the way.

The scenery was of the wildest character—rocks and trees mingling up to the summit in what seemed to be inextricable confusion. He met no one, and the precautions, with a view to escape observation, which had troubled his mind on leaving Ashbourne, seemed to have been perfectly unnecessary.

As by a sudden turn he made his way into the southern extremity of Dovedale, he found himself in a rocky chasm of vast proportion, through which the river Dove was winding its way, leaping and dashing over masses of rock of all dimensions, plashing, gurgling, murmuring, and singing.

In this spot the silence, save the sounds made by the speeding waters, was profound. Not the note of bird could be heard, not the sigh of a breeze, not the hum of an insect.

He gazed on the romantic view before him, and its utter loneliness struck him forcibly.

"My destination is at hand," he soliloquized, casting his eyes about him for some pathway in the rocks which promised to lead to a habitation; but he observed nothing which indicated the proximity of human life, even in the shape of a wayfarer. "Close at hand, if I can hit upon the artfully-constructed clue to it," he pursued, with a smile. "Not a soul or a sound but the bubbling water! I need not have been so scrupulous about my movements. I might, so far as a fear of discovery is concerned, wave the precious packet of which I am the specially honored bearer about in the air, after the manner of a station-master flourishing his white flag when he starts a train, and no one be one jot the—"

Here he abruptly paused, for while he was speaking a ray of brilliant golden light—one of the last beams the sun intended to send into that spot for that day—found its way through holes and crevices in the cliffs, through sprays, and branches, and twigs, and interspaces in the leaves of the many thickly-clustered, graceful, thin-armed trees, and settled upon a clump of rock on the edge of the river, against which the water fretted, and chased, and clambered up, and swept round, racing away, murmuring as if mortified that it had not been able to submerge it.

There on that rock fell a momentary burst of glorious, golden radiance, and Wilfred stared as if in speechless, breathless amazement.

Not at the rock!

For upon it sat a young girl, clothed in garments of some light texture—he did not heed what; but he did notice that from her head, streaming down her shoulders, even below her waist, her exquisitely fair tresses fell like a shining cataract.

With downcast eyes, she was passing her hands through her long masses of silken, gleaming hair, which shone like golden streamers in the glowing sunbeam as if it had been wetted, and she, like Musidora, had just bathed

> "Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream."

Dazed and bewildered, he stood gazing at her as if he had been favored with a sudden glimpse of Paradise, and one of its loveliest angels, seated in its eternal sunlight.

Suddenly, as if under the influence of a a species of electro-biology, she looked up, and not only looked up, but looked straight at him.

A cry of astonishment broke from his lips, and for the moment he covered his eyes with his hands, and exclaimed—

"Mark Jarrett's Daisy!"

He drew his hands away almost as quickly as he had placed them before his eyes, and the form of the young girl had vanished.

With her the sunlight too.

For a moment he seemed enveloped in darkness, and yet, in an equally momentary fashion, he beheld all the bold features of the rocky chasm—the racing, dashing waters, the graceful tracery of leaves and branches—everything but the young beauty in the last ray of sunlight.

The incongruity of the notion that the young maid whom he had so very recently left more than two hundred miles away being in such a sequestered spot, "laving her fervent limbs," without head covering, and looking as if she were "to the place and manner born," and had never been half-a-dozen miles away from it, did not occur to him.

The point uppermost in his mind was that it was impossible for two Mark Jarrett's Daisies to be in existence at the same time; and that it was Mark Jarrett's Daisy whom he saw seated upon the rock, toying with her long, fair hair, he did not doubt.

He forgot his mission, his packet, his everything, but the wondrous Daisy, and imagining the direction in which she had fled—no very difficult task, seeing that the chasm seemed to have but one outlet—he dashed along it with the speed of a racer.

Over small crags, over rough and uneven ground—even across an armlet of the river, which, as if out of very willfulness, was wandering out its way, and losing itself heaven only knew where—he sped on.

He came abruptly upon a jutting crag, which had an opening, in which there was a steep ascent, to be surmounted by the aid of rude stones, placed unevenly, as shepherds might have arranged a track for a near cut to the summit of a cliff, and he glanced swiftly up it, conscious that if he saw no trace there of the fugitive, she had vanished from him utterly, as a dryad would have done into the trunk of a tree or a cluster of undergrowth.

But, to his intense satisfaction, he caught sight of a "wave of her tempestuous petticoat," and he darted upward, bounding, stepping, stumbling, but progressing onward through all the intricate windings of a tortuous pathway, widening into a roadway, opening on a turf-covered opening, blocked by a wall of thickly-intertwining brushwood, at least twelve or fourteen feet high, if not more.

In the centre of this leafy wall stood two stone pillars, forming the supports of a doorway blackened with age, but looking yet strong enough to withstand the fiercest assaults of a battering-ram.

Wilfred looked eagerly in all directions for another outlet. There was not one. Mark Jarrett's Daisy could not have taken a flying leap over the green fence, even if she had been mounted on the very best jumper that ever cleared an ox-finch without boring through the top of it, and in it there did not seem to be an interstice for a ferret to have worked through.

Brought to a nonplus, he suddenly remembered his mission—his packet—and with equal rapidity surmised that he had reached his destination.

Into the guarded grounds he had not a doubt the Daisy had been admitted by a secret signal, and he had now a valid excuse for entering the premises too.

"You will perceive a bell in the gate-post," said his mother to him when describing the place, and to the gate-post he directed his immediate and close attention.

There was the bell, and as a swallow pounces upon an unreflective worm, coiled in fancied security, he seized the bell, and gave it a violent pull.

At the same moment, he pressed the door forcibly with his hand. Having, evidently, been insecurely fastened, it flew back, and he found himself before the very-much-astonished face, as he was morally certain, of Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

He caught her hand in both his, and pressed it with the reckless inconsiderate ardor of his youth, of his nature, of a thousand unreflective impulses that prompted him to act rather than think.

"I am so overjoyed to see you again," he breathlessly exclaimed, in his richest and most ardent tones. "How on earth could you have got here in so brief a space? It is like magic, for I have journeyed from Fairholme Priors without pausing."

"Release my hand, I beg of you—I entreat you; for my life as well as yours," was the hurried, excited answer.

The same large eyes, the same regular, beautifully-formed features, the same innocent sweetness of expression, the same tones, and the very words!

"Daisy, I pray you to let me speak with you," he urged, with intense earnestness.

"My name is not Daisy. I beg you to let me go," pleaded the young girl, striving to release her hand, looking at him pitifully, imploringly, but not angrily.

"You are Mark Jarrett's Daisy," he exclaimed, excitedly. "You know me?"

"I do not understand what you mean," she replied, in the same pleading voice. "I do not know you. I have never seen you before. There is no Mark Jarrett here."

"Daisy, for my sake, for your own sake, for the future, I supplicate you to grant me a few words," he pressed, most solicitously.

"You do not look cruel, yet, if you keep me here, and I am discovered, he will kill me," she exclaimed, with eyes suffused with tears.

"He, who?" Wilfred demanded, with gleaming eyes.

"Hush! Let me go, in mercy," she cried, affrightedly.

He heard an advancing footstep. He released her hand. She plunged into a serpentine walk, shrouded by a screen of massed foliage, and disappeared like a vanished apparition.

While his heart yet beat violently, he saw the half-opened gate door, and he instantly closed it, for he thought of her who had fled, and he feared that its unguarded state might get her into some trouble, he having certainly been the cause of it.

He had scarcely resettled himself into an expectant attitude, when, from a path proceeding from an almost opposite direction to that which the young, fair girl had taken, he perceived approaching the form of a tall, gaunt man.

As soon as he caught sight of Wilfred within the sacred precincts, this man made a bound towards him with a growl, as a savage hound might have done, and would have fastened on to his collar; but stepping back a pace or two, Wilfred addressed him, in a loud and imperious manner, commanding him to approach him more respectfully.

There was quite sufficient in Wilfred's appearance, in his natural dignity, and his rich, clear, firm voice, to compel the attention of the man, who seemed more fitted to be a jailer of refractory convicts and ruffians than the janitor of a private establishment.

"How did you get in here?" he demanded, showing viciously a double row of pointed teeth, which looked as if they had been filed to meet in the fleshy part of some intruder's throat.

At the same time, his small, red, ferret-like eyes, sparkling and glittering savagely, roamed over Wilfred's face, form, garb, in such a questioning, scrutinizing way, that while he was evidently endeavoring to determine who he was by figure, face, and dress, he was taking equal precautions to know him whenever he should meet him again.

"By the use of my agility," returned Wilfred, sternly. "I hate dawdling people. Such a door as that is not tall enough to keep me on one side while a snail is crawling to it on the other. Show me to your master."

The man opened his mouth, and laughed silently, and grimly, too.

"What do you want with he?" he presently asked.

"To see and to speak with him," replied Wilfred laconically.

"What's your business?" he interogated, gruffly.

"It is not yours," was the prompt reply. "Lead me to him at once."

"Do you suppose that I lead every fool to him that comes here to ask for him," returned the man, insolently.

"No," returned Wilfred, with some bright red mantling upon his forehead and cheeks. "If you had attempted that you would long ere this have found your way to the Dove, over the cliff, head first. And let me suggest to you that if you give me any further proof what a surly and impudent rascal you can be, I will show you the way to the water-bed below in the same fashion."

The tall, bony man had a round patch of crimson appear suddenly on his cheekbones too; he opened and shut his hands, and moved them up and down the narrow lappels of his coat several times, clutching them, and letting them go again.

"Never went down before man in this county or any other, an' I've wrestled with the best of 'em," he champed between his dry lips and tongue. "What'll you do, boy?"

"Refuse to lead me to your master, and I will show you," cried Wilfred, losing his temper at a tremendous pace.

He displayed so resolute a front, and spoke in such a determined tone, that the raw-boned Cerberus concluded he was no fool, at least; and as he took such high ground, that he might be somebody who really had business of importance with his master.

"You've got a name, I suppose," he said, after a slight pause.

"I've got a password, if that is what you require," responded Wilfred, coldly.

"I want your name to take to master. That be plain enough, I suppose," growled the man.

"Let the word 'Belvoir' suffice," rejoined Wilfred, as quickly.

The man staggered back. His whole manner underwent an instantaneous change. He became at once respectful, if not abject. He bowed low to him, and muttered—

"If you had only said that at first. Follow me, if you please, sir."

He turned and walked quickly down a path made of small round stones, in the interstices of which green moss grew, and gave it a time-worn, ancient look. It conducted them to a house built of stone; of no very extensive dimensions, although it might very well have been called "the house of seven gables."

The Cerberus led the way into a dark hall and thence into a side apartment, which commanded a view of part of a really very well ordered garden. He requested him to be seated while he repaired to his master to announce him.

As soon as he was alone, Wilfred took a cursory survey of the contents of the apartment, and found them indicate that the owner was a man of cultivated taste and means, even though an appearance of scantiness prevailed.

He looked out into the garden, and was equally satisfied that it was under the inspiration of one who had enjoyed such a charm in one of the high places in the land.

And at the same moment he saw a slight figure standing near a small fountain, listening like a beautiful statue of Egeria, and he pressed both his hands on his heart.

Not Mark Jarrett's Daisy? He would lay a thousand worlds, if he could command them, to a green sloe that it was she!

Yet every element of probability was against the impression, notwithstanding that hair, eyes, form, manner were identical.

She saw him! Was she stealing towards him? No, she vanished like a startled doe.

At the same moment a hand touched his elbow. He turned sharply, and beheld the janitor standing by his side.

"He will see you," he said, in a harsh voice, which he tried to make smooth; "but you must use as few words as you can. Retire immediately, and I will lead you back to top o' Bunsterdale, and pay at the inn for food and drink if you need it."

"Lead on," responded Wilfred, with a haughty gesture.

The man proceeded to the hall—and after ascending two or three flights of stairs, and traversing several corridors, he stopped before a door, knocked at it, opened it, and ushered Wilfred in.

Into the presence of Mark Jarrett!

Could he believe his eyes, his senses? Was he in a dream, or had he gone mad?"

He did not remember how the Mark Jarrett, of Hazelbrook Grange, had been dressed when he saw him under such peculiar circumstances. Nor did he notice now any difference of garb; but there was the face—the same pale, careworn, grief-stricken, hard-lined face. The very same.

Instinctively he exclaimed—

"Mark Jarrett!"

The elderly gentleman whom he thus addressed, started and looked at Cerebrus as if for an explanation.

"You said Belvoir, exclaimed the man, rapidly.

"That was the password communicated to me to gain an introduction to you," responded Wilfred, addressing the principal, but with an embarrassed, confused, bewildered air.

It flashed through his mind that there was a name on the packet which his mother had entrusted to him. That would perhaps dispel in some degree the perplexing position in which he felt himself placed.

He drew it from his breast-pocket, and looked eagerly at the superscription. It, however, bore only the legend—

"Perseverantia et fortituda."

The gentleman stretched forth his hand, and Wilfred, quite unable for the moment to speak, gave it to him. A gleam of triumphant joy broke over his face as he clutched it, and in a low, self-gratulatory voice he murmured—

"At last! The Dawn of Day!"

In every look, tone, manner did he resemble Mark Jarrett. Yet the difference of time and place combined to render the conception that he was that man a preposterous absurdity.

Wilfred tried to swallow the puzzle as well as he could, and demanded the receipt which his mother had bid him obtain.

It was readily accorded. The gentleman handed to him a few lines which he had written hastily, and Wilfred put the document carefully away.

While doing so, he turned his eyes again upon his strange host, and examined him closely. His scrutiny was met by a frown.

"Our conference has ended," sharply exclaimed the latter, and waved his hand imperiously.

The Janitor laid his hand upon Wilfred's arm, but he shook it impatiently off.

"Do you not recognize *me?*" he demanded of the host, with a peculiar significance.

The resemblance to Mark Jarrett at this interrogatory bent his eyes upon his face and perused his features.

His eyes suddenly expanded, and he passed his hand over his forehead, and muttered for an instant some indistinct words rapidly. Then he said—

"I do recognize the face. One day you may know who I am. Go—"

What Wilfred was about to reply was left hidden in his own mind, for the speaker threw open a door immediately in his rear, and passing through the opening, closed it after him with some violence.

At the same time the janitor, this time exerting some force, drew Wilfred from the apartment, along the corridors, down the stairs, and so to the hall below.

Wilfred submitted rather patiently, for he had no reason to offer for resistance, but he looked eagerly and anxiously in every direction for perhaps a waving petticoat, but none was visible.

Then he found himself without the house, upon the pebbly walk. The moon was up and shining softly. He cast his eyes backward at the gloomy gables. The moonlight fell full on one of the windows, the doors of which had been thrown wide open. In the centre of the black background formed by the window-frame stood the figure of a young girl, with a cloud of fair hair descending behind her shoulders. She waved a small hand, whiter than the moonbeams—but for a second only, and then the frame had nothing more attractive to offer to his eyes than the black background.

He did not say a word, for he remembered the mysterious girl's terror at the thought of being discovered holding communion with him, and he found himself alone at Ashbourne, he knew not how.

And he was back at Fairholme Priors before his mind was in any degree either calm or clear.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE'S MONEY IN IT!

Titus Vink unresistingly suffered himself to be dragged by Mr. Rokeby to his secret and sacred chamber. He knew instinctively that it meant money—to be secured by some ingenious piece of supreme rascality perhaps. But what of that? It meant money.

"Get money honestly if you can—but get money," was his motto. What did it signify that such counsel had brought swarms to the police courts, to the criminal bar, and had subsequently introduced them to penal servitude—not unfrequently to the gallows?

What could it possibly be to Titus Vink that such individuals were unskillful asses, if he made skillful application of that wise and excellent exhortation?

It is true that twice or thrice he had, in following too closely the principle of that truly moral precept, sailed so very near to the wind as to carry everything away with a crash; but there is such a thing as letting your mainsheet fly, and paying off, even to lying like a log in the trough of the sea, and so saving a catastrophe. It was better, surely—at least, in the opinion of Titus Vink—to make leeway for a time than be reduced to a wreck and make no way at all.

He was at this period sailing very close to the wind—so close as almost to be in danger of a capsize; yet he had wits, eyes, and hands in sharp discipline, so that if he did not give a chance away to win in the race he was running, he did not part with a chance to lose.

He looked up furtively at Mr. Rokeby's pallid, marked face, as he shuffled along with him, and he grinned in silent joy, for he said to himself—

"There's money in it—there's money in it!"

Mr. Vink was pushed into a seat, and the door was locked. Mr. Rokeby paced the room like one who had a most important subject to discuss, but was in an embarrassing—nay, distracting—doubt as to the proper point at which to open it.

Mr. Vink followed him with his eyes, although he sat motionless. He knew, not only what he was anxious to confer with him upon, but that he experienced a difficulty in broaching the subject without making a damaging admission.

He cogitated whether it would be discreet to give him a helping hand; but he repeated to himself, as he watched the workings of Mr. Rokeby's countenance—

"There's money in it—there's such a deal o' money in it!"

So he hem'd and coughed, and cleared his throat.

Mr. Rokeby paused, looked up at him, and said, slowly—

"By the way, Wink—"

"Vink, if you pleases, Muster Rokeby, Esquire. I spells my name with a wee—a wee, if you please. There was a bad character of the name o' Wink as went about a chousin' poor people out o' thruppences an' sixpences a-week on a mean an' shabby game. Said he were a hinsurance-office, an' the poor people paid their little balls to be kept when sick or didn't feel like work, or when they wanted to bury troublesome children out o' the way; but when they was ready to declare on to the orfice, there was no orfice—no Wink—no fun's. I had a deal o' unpleasantness about that little bit o' business; people said it was me—the villain was as like me as two gray peas is to one another; but I was too many for the 'owling pack, for my name is Vink, an' not Wink—Vink, if you please, sir, Mr. Rokeby."

"Well, Vink, or Bink, or Chink—what the devil does the name signify?" cried Mr. Rokeby, with a frown, and in an irascible tone.

Mr. Vink responded with a graciously obsequious laugh.

"Good deal in a name, sir, Mr. Rokeby, when you puts it to a little bill an' it don't 'appen to be your own."

Mr. Rokeby turned from him impatiently.

"Chink's not so bad a name. I think I could get along as a party o' the name o' Chink," pursued Mr. Titus, with a modesty which Mr. Rokeby did not at all appreciate, for he anathematized abruptly and wrathfully every person who had borne a name commencing with any consonant before "ink."

"Attend to me, sir," he cried, indignantly. "I did not send for you to enter into a dissertation upon your infern—your strange and ridiculous, not to say offensive patronymic."

"Not offensive—I trust not offensive," smiled Mr. Titus, rolling one of his knobby, large-veined hands over the other, as if chasing a frolicsome thumb.

"Listen to me, man. Curse your name," interrupted Mr. Rokeby, passionately. "I sought you to compel an explanation from you of an outrageous trick you played me some years ago, and the consequences of which are likely to prove of so much importance, that I feel unable to estimate their gravity."

"An outrageous trick," repeated Mr. Titus Vink, perfectly conscious, and prepared for what was coming. "Oh, fie, Mr. Rokeby—sir—naughty, naughty, naughty, and I a shining light of Raspham-cum-Ranthall. My own Little Bethel, sir; my own sweet storehouse and vin'yard. The minister to a congregation of blessed sheep—"

"I say, sir, you foisted upon me an artifice, which it is well for you I did not discover at the time," almost shouted Mr. Rokeby.

"Artifice! foisted! What do these words mean? Dear, dear sir, and Mr. Rokeby," rejoined Mr. Titus, cringing, and affecting the saint. "Oh, sir, I am a humble foller o' the Lord's—"

"Look ye, man, no cant with me," cried Mr. Rokeby, furiously. "None of your hypocritical snuffling and whining with me. We both engaged in—well, a questionable act—and you proved to be the superior knave. Now to the devil with pretence; let us come to the point."

"What p'int, Mr. Rokeby, sir? Dear and respected sir," fawned Mr. Titus, licking his very dirty knuckle as if it had been abrazed, and, he were a dog who could cure it by that process.

"It is eighteen years, more or less, since you brought a child to me—a fair, baby-girl," proceeded Mr. Rokeby.

"Did I, sir? Did I, dear and respected sir? What, I, your sincere friend and well-wisher, Titus Vink?" questioned that slimy individual, with an affected feebleness of memory which made Mr. Rokeby chafe fiercely.

"Why, you impudent scoundrel," he cried, in wrathful amazement. "You receive to this day an annuity for that transaction."

Mr. Titus Vink tossed up his hands, as if appealing to Jupiter—or Vulcan, if their color could be regarded as a criterion.

"As my name is Vink, I vow, no," he asseverated. "Not a farden, respected but deluded superior; not a ticket for coals even."

Mr. Rokeby made two or three spasmodic movements of his throat, as if that statement, at least, it was not impossible to swallow.

With a sudden affectation of calmness, he placed himself at a writing table, and opening one of the drawers in a pillar, he brought forth a revolver, the brightly-polished barrel of which he levelled point blank at the contracted forehead of Mr. Titus Vink. As the latter looked into its open mouth, he felt a cramp at the back of his neck, and his nostrils opened out like a bull's when disquieted. He snorted once or twice, and looked for an open door, or even a coal scuttle, into which to dive. He sprang to his feet; but Mr. Rokeby, in a very determined tone, exclaimed—

"Resume your seat, and move at your peril."

Mr. Titus Vink resumed his seat, and in a very uncomfortable voice mumbled huskily—

"Orvays so full of your jokes, so jocular and festive, but I'm only a humble spearsman again' Apollyen—that's my only fightin' quality, a shepherd a battlin' for his shee—"

"Silence," interposed Mr. Rokeby, sternly. "You have juggled me, and now seek to defraud me with a lie. You know something of my youth. You know that I am a crack shot, and that I hit the object at which I aim."

Titus shivered, as if a spray of freezing mist had been turned upon him.

"Excellent shot orvays," he gasped.

"And regardless of consequences, when my blood is up," pursued Mr. Rokeby, significantly. "It is up now. It is coursing like a fiery fluid through all my veins, and I caution you to be scrupulously careful not to cause an explosion. Now, Mr. Titus Vink, we will proceed to business, and confine ourselves strictly to it. I return to the point you interrupted with an unequivocal lie. I settled an annuity upon you, and you are in the receipt of it."

"Not now—oh, not now—oh, not precisely, exactly just now," ejaculated Mr. Vink, with great rapidity.

"What do you mean, swindler?" demanded Mr. Rokeby. "I am still paying that annuity."

"Noble and generous, liberal and just individual and superior," gasped Vink, with clasped hands. "I fancied—oh, I opined—leastways, I thought you would grow fatigued with paying it every yeer, yeer after yeer orvays payin', payin', payin', an' presumed that one mornin', in a fit, o' weariness, you would say, I won't pay this no more—"

"Sir!"

"So I sold it to a confidin' speckilator a bargain," rapidly proceeded Vink, with a shuffle. "A hard-fisted, repasshus vaggerbone, who's been, as it a'peare, a suckin' my life blood for some years. "But I'll venture a remonstrance—"

"You will remain quiet for the present, at least," interrupted Mr. Rokeby, sternly and authoritatively. "Listen to me. I paid you that annuity for confiding to my charge a young, fair child—"

Mr. Vink made sudden believe as if he were listening to a screaming joke.

"I did, sir! I did, superior sir!" he exclaimed, rubbing the palms of his hands together between his large-boned knees.

"You did, man! You declared her to be the daughter of the Hon. Gray Luttrell, who at that time was plunged to the lips in dangerous, overwhelming difficulties, and had, in fact, destroyed himself."

"Every word is a gospel truth that you utter, respected and venerated nature's nobleman," gurgled Vink, with one eye on the pistol, the other up the chimney, and his thoughts racing about to forecast the punishment Mr. Rokeby would inflict upon him, when he brought home to him the knaveries of which he knew himself to have been guilty.

"But every word almost you told me was a lie," exclaimed Mr. Rokeby, savagely, "except, perhaps, that the young lady whom I have brought up is the daughter of Gray Luttrell."

Mr. Titus Vink drew a deep breath, and felt that the world had not yet quite done with him—that it would give him a little more rope—that there was "money in it" still for him.

"She was his daughter—the young lady—Miss Gay-bree-hell Luttrell, as lives here, she is her I'll swear," he responded gutturally.

Mr. Rokeby waved his hand, and resumed—

"I confess that I should be better satisfied if she were more like what her mother was when I knew her—or even like her aunt. I should be contented if I could trace some likeness to Gray Luttrell in her features. Let that pass, however—nature is omnipotent, and it makes the human face in what mould it sees fit to select."

Drawing a long breath Mr. Rokeby went on, "That Gabrielle is the daughter of Gray Luttrell, and, therefore, now heiress to an enormous property, almost a principality, I do not doubt—but, man, she is not the only child, as you positively avowed her to be."

"Not the only child—what Miss Gay-bree-hell not the only child! Did I say she were the only child?" he answered, pretending to lapse into a brown study. "Did I? Could I?"

Mr. Rokeby opened his eyes, and stared at him fiercely.

"You know, then, that there was another child," he cried, biting his nether lip to prevent an outburst of the passion surging within him.

"Not of my own knowledge, then," returned Vink, quickly and tremulously, for Mr. Rokeby's eye was glittering upon him like a diamond. "I gave you all the documents an' the proofs an' the register an' all the papers—likewise the babby. You took the lot—and paid me—a—decently for them."

"But too liberally, you scoundrel," rejoined Mr. Rokeby, indignantly.

"If I'd enjoyed the anooity—very good," appended Titus; "but—"

"You said this moment," suddenly snapped Mr. Rokeby, as if it had just occurred to him, "that you did not know of the existence of another child then! What have you discovered since?"

Mr. Titus Vink drew a lachrymose face—a hypocritical, jesuitical, sorrowful visage.

"I'm a poor man, superior and affluent, sir," he wined. "I have my little Bethel, and a chandler's shop, which I keeps for the sake o' the poor, that they may get their quarter of a hounce o' tea, pennorth a' sugar, ha'porth o' soap, an' a farden candle or so—then I looks up gutter children, an' for love o' the Lord I farms 'em at a trifle a head, which don't pay—nothink exactly pays—there's no money in it; but if I was to go into the detective line for you, an' were to be bowled out, where'd be my Bethel—my shop—my—"

"Will you place some limit to your insufferable talk?" angrily interposed Mr. Rokeby. "I need your services—I must have them. I also require from you a clean breast respecting the past; and I will have it, if I have to blow out your brains to get at it. What labors you may perform for me I will requite you most liberally for, your annuity shall be restored to you; and if you successfully carry out my intentions and purposes with which I shall entrust you, you shall be placed above the reach of want and care for the rest of your life."

"With a large Bethel, ten times the size of the little gem which, fifteen feet long by twelve broad—"

"You shall have a railway shed, if it be necessary," roared Mr. Rokeby, passionately.

"A tabernacle!" cried Titus Vink, spreading out his arms in the air.

Mr. Rokeby paced the room half-a-dozen times to control his temper.

At last he stopped short, and with knitted brows, he caught him by the wrist, and said, between his teeth—

"Who gave the child Gabrielle to you, to bring up, as you said, on a daily diminishing quantity of food, until it had acquired the power of doing without any?"

"Martin Stoke, of Chilgrove," he returned, wriggling uneasily.

"He held a confidential position in the service of Mark Jarrett, of Chilgrove, did he not?"

"Yes; kind of rent-collector, assessor, cattle-buyer, generally useful rouge, rascal, thief!" returned Titus, volubly. "Oh, if I had his chances! Oh, the chances he had to make money, an' the idiot he made of hisself without taking any one chance at all!"

"He obtained possession of Gray Luttrell's child," pressed Mr. Rokeby, excitedly; "but when he handed it to you, did she tell you that she was one of twins?"

"No—no—no—no—no—no! I swear he did not!" returned Titus, writhing under the pressure of Mr. Rokeby's grip like a worm on a fish-hook.

"Who did tell you?" almost thundered Mr. Rokeby, gripping him as if his contracting fingers and thumb were the jaws of a vice, and he was tightening the screw.

"Oh, geracious! Swoof! How you hurt me!" hissed Mr. Vink, with a serpentine turn of his whole frame.

"Who?" demanded Mr. Rokeby, fiercely.

"Go-racious! Joyse Stoke—old Stoke's young daughter," groaned Titus, with a sickly faintness. "My arm is flesh—weak flesh—not hadamant, Mr.—superior—Sir Rokeby?"

"Joyse Stoke, eh?" repeated Mr. Rokeby, not releasing him. "She told you Mrs. Luttrell had twins?"

"Yes—ye-es! Ooh! I will answer without that dreadful squeezing of my arm."

"Where is Gabrielle's sister?" he interrogated, sharply.

"Didn't hear it was a gal twin," gasped Titus, with beads of cold perspiration on his brow.

"Not a girl twin!" muttered Mr. Rokeby, pressing his hand to his breast as if a spasm there was about to deprive him of life. "Not a girl! What if it should have been a boy!"

He clapped his hands to his temples, and partly covered his eyes.

Mr. Titus Vink at liberty rubbed his arm ruefully, but he heard Mr. Rokeby's ejaculation, and he smelt loss of property, plunder, pay—whatever form it might take—should the twin prove to be a boy. So he said, hastily—

"I did not say that I knowed it to be a boy. Chances are that it were a girl. But you have heard something. What have you heard, superior and elevated sir?"

"I have, to my great astonishment, received an anonymous communication, informing me, not only that the Honorable Mrs. Luttrell presented her husband with twins—"

"He wasn't near the place to accept the gift," interpolated Mr. Vink.

"Jackass," growled Mr. Rokeby, angrily. "I say that not only were twins born, but of the two Gabrielle is the youngest. This anonymous communication contains, also, certain revelations, observations, two or three little documents, which prove to me incontestibly that the writer is fully acquainted with the true particulars, but may not be in a position to prove the gravest part of her assertion—namely, that Gabrielle is the youngest of the two children."

For a moment the face of Mr. Titus Vink was a study. The facial muscles assumed all kinds of shapes, and his complexion more hues than are seen in the rainbow; but he concealed it from Mr. Rokeby during the time he was suffering from the throe. But instantly afterwards, with his old fawning grin, he said, sharply and eagerly—

"Show me the letter, superior sir and patron."

Mr. Rokeby frowned.

"It is safe in my keeping," he replied.

"But the handwriting, venerable and antiqua—anti—armorial sir. It is a woman's," he exclaimed, in a sibilant whisper.

"It is," returned Mr. Rokeby.

Mr. Titus Vink clapped his hands.

"That will do," he exclaimed, in a satisfied tone.

"It must do for you," rejoined Mr. Rokeby, sharply. "I sent for you to re-employ you in this affair. I must know where the twin child is. I must learn everything respecting it which can be ascertained. Now, as you had Gabrielle entrusted to you when she was so young, you will know how to track out nurse, doctor, and parson. There must be some token to distinguish the eldest child—this is always done—and we must obtain it. Money is no object to me—the information I seek is everything. You shall have plenty of money to employ as you need it, and a large personal reward. Above all, I must see this hitherto-unknown twin at the very earliest possible moment. You must devote yourself exclusively to this task."

"And my little Bethel—"

"May go to the—"

"Hush! oh venerable and august sir."

"Here are notes to the amount of one hundred pounds. Set about your work without an instant's delay, and report to me every discovery you make, however small. Go! You know what to do. Not another word—I cannot hear it."

Mr. Titus Vink pocketed the hundred pounds, and his features assumed the aspect of the pebbly path spoken of in a previous chapter.

"Consider that twin yourn, majestic and inflated superior," he exclaimed. "Consider number two—"

Mr. Rokeby pushed him violently towards the door, which at that moment flew open, and Dean, the house steward, presented himself.

Mr. Rokeby drew himself up like a statue.

"What now?" he exclaimed, sternly.

"Spoole, with your hunting garments," replied Dean, looking penetratingly at Titus, "for the hunt on—"

"Show him in, and this man out," exclaimed Mr. Rokeby, violently.

Dean beckoned the tailor to enter the room, and then beckoned Titus to follow him out of it.

As soon as they were in the corridor, Dean, assuming a genial air, whispered to Titus—

"Glass of wine, to carry down the cobwebs?"

"Thank'ee," returned Titus, with a knowing movement of his right eyelid. "Old port, you know, or hot whiskey—a little water an' lemming—anything mild."

As Dean led Titus Vink into his little sanctum, he thought—

"I will make this swanktified humbug drunk, and screw out of him what he has been all this time with the governor about."

At the same instant, Titus Vink placed his hand over the spot where the hundred pounds lay snug and warm, and he grinned to himself, and thought—

"There is money in it! I felt there was money in it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EASTER EGGS.

First, then, you select your dyes—vegetable or wood dyes they should be, blue, crimson, yellow, according to fancy—and procuring a small portion of each from a druggist, you place them in separate vessels. Then dropping the eggs into hot water for a few moments, you draw on the shell with a bit of tallow any design you please—names, dates, leaves, crosses. The tallow prevents any discoloration in the spot it covers, so when the egg has been submitted to the boiling dye, the pattern appears in white on a tinted ground with very pretty effect.

Another method, more laborious but infinitely more artistic, is to dye the whole egg, and afterward scrape out the pattern with a sharp pen-knife. This way admits of a greater range of taste and skill than the other. The egg may be divided into compartments, each holding some tiny vignette, a landscape, perhaps, or an angel, or cupid, or a line of verse, with the date, all framed in solid, bright color. In old days, eggs treated after this fashion did duty as Valentines, and were frequently preserved in the after-homes of the unhappy pairs, each egg carefully enshrined in a deep, long-stemmed wine-glass, through which the inscription could be read without removing it.

"Golden" eggs, which are covered with thin sheets of leaf gold, are beautiful things when mixed with others. A cheap way of making them is to use the dye of the furze-blossom, which is said to communicate a fine yellow color.

Any boy or girl, clever at drawing, can produce, with little trouble, a variety of designs which shall have the added merit of originality. What could be prettier than a knot of Easter-flowers, snowdrops, violets, or lilies of the valley, painted in water-color on the white shell, or sketched gracefully and lightly in sepia or Indian-ink. Pencil drawings are singularly soft and pretty on the same pure back-ground, and set with boiling water, are not easily defaced. A monogram in bright, illuminated tints and gold is also effective; in short, there are a dozen charming fancies which will at once suggest themselves to the mind of any young artist who begins to think upon the subject, and we advise such by all means to try.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

BE CAREFUL.

Again and again dreadful accidents occur from the use of kerosene and benzine, and yet people seem to be as careless as ever concerning these articles. A young German girl in Newark was, one evening not long ago, removing some spots from a garment with benzine. The bottle of fluid was near the stove, and a sudden movement of the girl's hand overturned it. She was immediately enveloped in flames. She frantically rushed into the street, calling for help; but before her blazing garments could be extinguished she was hopelessly burned. And yet, doubtless, the next person who happens to want to take a spot from a garment will not hesitate to do it in the evening, near a fire, or a lighted lamp, or a blaze of gas. Every individual believes in his own exceeding carefulness.

☞ A lady in Louisville, Ky., who paid seventy-five dollars to have her face enamelled to attend a ball, has since paid three hundred dollars to the doctors for saving her life.

PRETERITA.

There was a glory in those quiet lanes,
In those spring morns of our unsullied youth,
When life was but a simple joy to wait
The fragrant coming of the fresh green spring:
To loiter idly, in the heats of June,
By sleepy brooks, and dream the wayward dreams
That poets oft have loved in Junes before;
Or in the changing moods of autumn-fall
With them to change; and with the red sere leaves
A-rustling at our feet, to weave a tale,
The old, old tale of death and death's decay.
Yet all was then a joy, and drew our hearts
For thrilling thoughts, or yet more holy calm,
To nearer loving of the silent God.
But this was all a halcyon dream of youth—
O youth most sweet, most God-like of the days,
To those who own the tender power of thought,
The happy days have gone; the cloud has come
Of that experience men call the world;
And life is but a wild and feverish race
Of aims that slumber through a troubled night,
All anxious for the morrow, till our hearts
Grow weary of the strife, and yearn again,
Through all the gray years of our weathered lives,
To the still evening of a peace that brings
The golden memory of the morns long gone.

THE MULLENVILLE MYSTERY.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Between four and five every afternoon, except Sundays, it was the time-honored custom of the Mullenville population to assemble at the post-office, and there, under cover of waiting for the mail to be made up, relax themselves with friendly, business, or amorous conversation, as the case might be. The sight of the letters and newspapers popping into the various boxes seemed to assist ideas in popping into heads, and words in popping out. Certainly, at no time were the inhabitants of Mullenville more gay, social, talkative and good-humored than at evening mail-time; and as for the lovers,—it is awful to think of what their predicament would have been in case the Mullenville post-office had not existed. In fact, if the persons who constructed the plans whereby Mullenville was built had been as wise in regard to human nature as to engineering, they would most undoubtedly have placed the post-office and the church side by side, and perhaps connected them with a covered passage.

On the 6th of August, 1867,—in matters like this it is well to be precise about the dates,—the usual genial assemblage was buzzing within the post-office walls. It is nearly five o'clock; the mail is well nigh sorted. Hark!—the delivery-door is thrown open with a click-clack, and up surge the people like a wave, breaking against the door, and thence flowing off in a lengthened stream to the post-office entrance, and so out upon the steps, on which those who emerge first stand to watch the exit of those who come after. Among the former we notice at once the elegant figure of an aristocratic young fellow, with a handsome, enterprising countenance, and easy, confident bearing. Who is he? Why, young Ned Holland, from Cambridge, who has been sent up here to rusticate, having been detected in the execution of some tremendous practical joke upon the faculty. He is a talented, audacious sort of chap, popular among both men and women,—for there is a large amount of pure romance mingled with his composition, and an impetuosity and fertility of thought and action such as girls always like, and men too, unless they happen to be jealous. By the way, Sam Gumple, the town beau, hates Ned Holland with a deadly hatred, which logically proves him jealous; and, even as we speak, behold the cause!

Sweet, pretty, delicious little Nellie Swansdown is coming rosily out of the post-office door, and Sam Gumple, in an immature frock-coat and red-and-white check neck-tie, is stalking beside her, paying her compliments fragrant with the perfume of corned-beef, cabbage, and pomade. As they step out into the open air, Sam crooks his elbow and remarks, with a touch of that humor which he has made his own:

"Now, then! hook on to my handle, Nell!"

It would be hard to say just how it was done. Nothing could have been neater, quicker, more complete. There was a graceful, rapid movement, a stern, decided "Stand aside, sir!" a gentle, caressing "Allow me, Miss Swansdown!"—and there stood Sam, alone, his face contorted with fury, mortification, conscious defeat; and moving away, arm-in-arm, a perfect picture of confiding affection on one side, and loving protection on the other, the well-matched figures of Ned Holland and Nellie Swansdown. Nobody could help chuckling and feeling jolly about it; and Sam Gumple got no sympathy at all, either from the girls (for had he not neglected them for Nellie?), or from the boys (for was he not always bragging about the "gals that were sweet on him?—and all the time it wasn't that they were sweet on him, but that their thrifty fathers and mothers were sweet on his bank account). So everybody looked with complacency on Sam's discomfiture, while the bold and successful young collegian was the favorite of the hour.

It is not necessary to go back and give a reason for all this; it is easy enough to imagine how, during the month of Ned Holland's presence in Mullenville, beauty and valor and prettiness and sweetness had mutually and irresistibly attracted each other, to the abandonment and oblivion of all beside; how, the day before the incident we have witnessed, the loving explanation had taken place, and Sam Gumple's final overthrow been agreed upon. No use going into the particulars of all that: what is to come is matter of even greater moment.

A walk of full three-quarters of a mile lay between the lovers and the vine-covered farm-house in which Nellie lived. It was an ideal road, always winding, with a lush meadow and a brook on one side, and an undulating hill on the other; and the path shaded by enormous elm and butternut trees. Even had it been less picturesque, one would suppose that the sunshine in the young people's hearts would have supplied any deficiencies. Alas! for the folly of human beings, their own worst enemies! It was on this lovely, solitary road, gilded by the afternoon sun and shadowed by the trees, that these two fortune-favored, prosperous, romantic, young idiots got themselves involved in one of those unpardonable sins called lovers' quarrels, brought on by absolutely nothing whatever, and yet maintained and carried through to a fatal termination. Shade of Sam Gumple, rejoice! This is precisely how it happened:—

Ned Holland (as they turn the corner grocery and strike their homeward road)—What was poor Sam saying to you when I interfered, Nellie?

Nellie Swansdown (gathering up her skirts deftly with one hand, and holding unnecessarily fast on to Ned's arm with the other)—Oh! I don't know; some of his bosh, I suppose. I'm sure *I* didn't listen to him.

N. H. (smiling self-complacently)—You used to a good deal, though, before I came.

N. S. (turning up her nose the least mite)—What? hear bosh? Oh, well, as for that, I've heard a good deal since, too.

N. H. (tragically—the hypocrite!)—Oh! Nellie; you don't believe all I've said to you this last month is *bosh*, do you?

N. S. (giving his arm a tiny hug—the dear little thing!)—Oh! no Ned; not quite so bad as that! I was only funning.

N. H. (following up his advantage, the tyrant! and bending over towards her confidentially)—You *do* care a little for me; don't you, dear?

N. S. (looking down, and excessively lovely, and then up, blushing)—Well! I should think you might know by this—Oh!! Ned—oh! right in the street, and everybody looking! aren't you ashamed?

N. H. (insolently triumphant at having done it)—Yes, awfully! there wasn't anybody looking, though, you dear little goose!

(A pretty long silence, during which they walk along with their eyes on the ground, not only arm-in-arm, but hand-in-hand, and their hearts feeling so tender as almost to hurt.)

N. H. (slaying the slain again)—How did you ever happen to like Sam Gumple, Nellie? What was the fascination?

N. S. (plaintively)—Why, Ned! you *know* there wasn't any. I always detested the creature; but, you know, he's rich, and father's under obligations to old Mr. Gumple, and so he—well, you know how it was.

N. H. (confidently)—But he'll be glad to have you marry me, won't he?

N. S. (hesitatingly)—Well—father will, of course; but I'm afraid old Mr. Gumple would be angry, and that would make him hard on father, you know. That's all I'm afraid of.

N. H. (smiling, with superior assurance)—Oh, my dear, we'll fix it so that old Gumple won't know whom you married, or anything about you. You can rely on me to manage all that.

N. S. (impulsively)—You know I always rely on you, dear.

(It wasn't quite so scandalous this time; they were in a shadow of a big tree, and no one was in sight. But she blushed as rosily as she did the first time, and gave him a box on the ear into the bargain.)

N. H. (who has digested what he has had, and wants more)—What is it about me you like most, Nellie?

N. S. (who thinks she may have given him too much, and desires to set it right)—Your big nose, I guess! that's what your conceit comes from, isn't it?

N. H. (whose nose is rather large, and who of course feels sensitive about it)—I wouldn't make personal remarks, if I were you, dear; it sounds vulgar.

N. S. (who, being country-bred, is particularly sensitive about vulgarity)—Much obliged to you for letting me know, I'm sure. I'll try not to shock your taste in future.

N. H. (with an air of misunderstood virtue)—It's my feelings, rather than my taste, that you shock, my dear.

N. S. (with an unreal and satirical laugh)—Your feelings! Indeed! Come, come, Mr. Holland, pray don't waste any of your elegant language on me. You must remember that, whatever else I don't know, I know you!

N. H. (as if hearing for the first time an interesting and graitfying piece of news)—Do you, really! I'm very glad you know something.

N. S. (coldly, dropping his arm)—I'm not proud of the knowledge; it doesn't amount to much, and is a bore learning.

N. H. (politely—very unhappy)—It's a pity you should waste so much time away from Mr. Sam Gumple.

N. S. (smiling—perfectly miserable)—Poor Sam! he's a human creature, at any rate—not a machine.

N. H. (furious at this concession to his rival—his voice trembling)—Do I understand you to say I'm a machine, Miss Swansdown?

N. S. (bursting into a fit of laughter—it's a wonder it wasn't crying, poor little thing!)—Why, it isn't possible you don't know that, Mr. Holland? You always reminded me so much of a clock!—stuck up to be looked at; wound up to go, and always doing over the same things—thinking yourself so clever, so accomplished, so knowing, and everybody else so vulgar, so stupid, so commonplace—oh! you needn't say anything; one can always tell what a clock is going to say, if one can see its face! But really, now, Mr. Holland, if you only wouldn't pretend to be a man, you might be very interesting—as a machine.

N. H. (overwhelmed at this unprecedented outburst from his gentle little Nellie Swansdown—the blockhead hasn't sense enough to know that in wounding her pride and self-love he has committed a well-nigh irreparable insult)—Why! Nellie—what does all this mean? Are you crazy? Nellie, have you forgotten that I'm going away to-morrow?—is this going to be the way we part? You're in a passion, now (a sensible thing to say, that!)—wait a minute, and think! Oh! Nellie, you know I love you!

N. S. (who, though yet very angry, is still more oppressed by dread lest she should give in and cry)—You love me! I'd as lief be loved by a—cider-mill.

N. H. (losing his temper, and, of course, his last chance)—Very well! for the last time, then, Miss Swansdown—you won't marry me?

N. S. (venomously—catch her marrying any one who calls her Miss Swansdown!)—I'd rather marry an aw—not quite sure of the word)—awtomotom!

N. H. (staggering under this last awful thrust, but still game)—Thank you! Good-by! I trust your wish may be gratified!

And so they parted. And there was certainly one thing remarkable about this quarrel—that the woman did not have the last word. Perhaps she expected to have a chance, later; but in that she was mistaken. Ned went tragically home, packed his valise, settled his bills, and took the evening express train to New York, probably hoping there would be a collision before he arrived. Nellie rushed up to her chamber, fully resolved to die before morning. If it had not been that a lingering doubt as to whether her lover might not return the next morning harassed her mind, perhaps she might. But her unwillingness, in case he were *not* to return, to have her corpse go to the grave unseen and unwept by him, and a reluctance, in case he *should* happen to come back, to be dead and not know it—these conflicting emotions kept her in a state of indecision till morning, and then, of course, there would have been no use or poetry in it. Ned did not come back, and Nellie survived. It may have been pride, it may have been hope, it may have been indifference that buoyed her up—but who can read a woman's heart? We must first make a new vocabulary.

Something else remains to be recorded ere we arrive at that portion of our tale which may be designated the historical. We would rather say nothing about it; fain modify it—fain account for it. But, no! it *will* be told—it will not be modified—it is unaccountable! It is no use talking about money, and obligations, and immitigable elderly people: all the world knows that the day for those things has gone by—lovers never pay any attention to them now (when they are really in love.) The dark fact remains, that Sam Gumple, having satisfied himself of the actual and permanent disappearance of Mr. Ned Holland, took to ogling the deserted young lady again; he called on her evenings, walked home with her afternoons; and Nellie—oh Frailty, thy name still continues to be woman!—Nellie did not repel his advances with disdain. And now for the history.

No one who has resided within a thousand miles of Mullenville, or is among the numberless subscribers to the Mullenville Harp, needs to be reminded of the extraordinary event which took place there on the twenty-first day of September, 1867; an event utterly without parallel or precedent in the annals of the town, or, for that matter, of the whole world. But since there are possibly some few who were in Europe, or unborn, on the day in question, a brief synopsis of events will be given for their especial behoof.

About a week before the above date, the Mullenville population awakened one morning to a sense of placards. Placards were posted everywhere—on barns, on board fences, on the whitewashed exterior of the hotel stables, and one fiery red fellow on the very door of the church! Every placard bore the announcement, in letters a foot high and under, that a most remarkable curiosity would be exhibited in the Town Hall on the evening of the 21st of September. This was nothing less than an automaton, made to represent a man, life-size, and constructed with such surpassing ingenuity and cunning that it was next to impossible to detect the deception. Indeed, it was asserted—on the authority of a number of testimonials from distinguished people living out West—that many individuals who professed to be well acquainted with mankind, and deeply versed in the arcana of human nature, had, nevertheless, been completely bamboozled by the marvelous accuracy wherewith the automaton counterfeited humanity. Some had gone so far as to declare that it was not an automaton at all, but the devil! And surely, if half the wonders claimed for it were true, one might well suspect something uncanny in it. Not only could it walk, move its arms, turn and nod its head, roll its eyes, and twiddle its thumbs; but it could talk, sing, whistle, laugh, and, if report were to be trusted, read and write also! There was something awful in the idea of such a thing.

Needless to say the anticipations aroused in the Mullenvillian breast were anxious and great—nothing was talked of day or night, by young or old, but the automaton. As the appointed day drew near, people gathered together from miles around; the hotel was filled over and over, and half the private residences in town were transformed into boarding houses. The selectmen hired a gang of carpenters to increase the accommodations of the Town Hall, and swore in a number of special policemen to keep the crowd in order.

On the 20th of September, the day before the exhibition, Sam Gumple went up to make an evening call on Nellie Swansdown. He was rigged out in a very chaste visiting costume; a wide awake felt hat shaded his ruddy and oleaginous countenance from the warm starlight; a dress coat, built by the town tailor, covered his broad back, and a pair of trowsers of blue army cloth brought his legs into becoming relief. He wore pumps over his knit yarn socks, and carried in his lemon-colored kid hand a delicate ivory headed cane.

Of course the first subject introduced was the automaton. Nellie, to be sure, was very quiet, and hardly opened her mouth once to say anything about it. But Sam was so eloquent in his descriptions and eulogiums that one would have supposed it to have been his brother at least. Unmindful of Nellie's pale face and occasional shudderings, he dilated on its life-like attributes and mysterious deeds with all the richness of fancy and sweetness of voice for which he was noted; and ended by producing two tickets, entitling the holders to the best seats in the house, so close to the stage that, to use Sam's figure, they could see the machine's eyelashes, if it had any. One of these he besought Nellie to accept, with the understanding that he was to call for and escort her to the hall the next night.

For some time Nellie hesitated. She seemed strangely unwilling to put herself within the range, so to speak, of this mysterious automaton. Her reluctance, indeed, almost amounted to a superstitious dread. There was a sad and distant expression in her eyes, as though the sound of some loved and lost voice were echoing in her ears. Finally, however, her resistance was overcome or perhaps she looked at the matter in a new light. At any rate, she consented to go with Sam to the exhibition, and he departed with an exulting heart—as well he might, with the prospect of having sweet Nellie Swansdown all to himself for a whole evening. As for Nellie, she went to bed and had an awful nightmare, in which it seemed to her that she was married to the automaton, and that after the ceremony was over it turned into the tall old-fashioned clock which stood in the dining room; and while she was standing looking up at it in dismay at the thought of being united to such a thing, and bound to honor, love and obey it all her life, it fell over on to her and crushed her to pieces; upon which, of course, she screamed and woke—but the terror of the dream lasted her all day.

Evening had come. An expectant crowd at the depot had witnessed the arrival of the train containing the wonderful Automaton. It had come in with a long-drawn shriek, as of a soul in despair, and had slipped away again with an infernal cachinnation, as though some devilish joke were in the wind. Meanwhile, under the direction of the manager (a gentleman with black hair falling over his shoulders, and a heavy black beard), a huge box, resembling in form a cross between a coffin and a safe, was carefully lifted down from the baggage car and transported slowly and cautiously to the express cart. In this box, it was whispered, was concealed the marvellous mechanism of the Automaton. The sensation created was profound, and apparently not unmixed with fear. Men gathered in little knots and groups, whispering apprehensively to one another, and casting strange glances over and anon over their shoulders into dark corners of the depot, unilluminated by the red light of lanterns and gas lamps. But when the rattle of the express cart began to die away in the distance, a fresher air seemed to blow around, the whispers rose and loudened into voices; some of the bolder spirits went so far as to laugh and crack appalling jokes, almost scaring themselves, as well as the more timid ones, by the exuberance of their own audacity.

It was eight o'clock. Every seat was filled, and all the standing-room was taken up; the very staircase and the outside flight of steps were packed, and vast multitudes surrounded the building on every side. Countless small boys had climbed the trees which happened to grow within a hundred yards of the windows, and strove manfully to imagine they could see what was going on between the chinks of the closed blinds. Within, a black curtain was stretched across the stage, which was raised some five feet above the door of the hall. Close in front, by way of orchestra, sat David Clank, the town jailer, who played the violin at all the sociables in Mullenville; on this evening he was likewise engaged to touch the spring which was to raise the curtain. Directly behind him, the next nearest to the scene of operations, were Sam Gumple and Nellie Swansdown—the former talkative, smiling, and redolent; the latter pale, silent, and nervous.

A bell sounded. The gentlemanly manager stepped before the curtain and made his bow to the assembly. He stroked his beard, passed his fingers through his long hair, and said he was proud to meet them: that this was the first audience before which the Automaton had been exhibited in this part of the country; that Mullenville, in that respect if not in others, was preferred before either Boston or New York: that in regard to the exhibition he would only say that the expectations aroused by the bills would, he was sure, be more than satisfied. He said the Automaton was certain to outdo itself in the presence of so much youth and beauty as were assembled in that hall that night; and as he spoke his eye fell on the upturned and bewildered face of Nellie Swansdown. He smiled, bowed again, stroked his beard, and vanished. An interval elapsed—a few said a minute; others, five minutes: some fifteen. However, the bell sounded again at last. David Clank touched the spring, the curtain rolled out of sight as if by magic, and there was revealed, standing in the centre of the stage, a large box in shape something between a coffin and a safe. Amidst a death-like stillness the door of this box flew open, and out stepped, with an air of jaunty assurance, with flaxen hair and whiskers, a nobby suit of clothes, an eye glass, a cane, and patent leather boots—out stepped, with a bow and a smirk, just as any human being might have done, only with infinitely more grace and ease—out stepped the miraculous, the mysterious, the supernatural, the incomparable Automaton! The entire audience, having held their breath for a half-hour without stopping, now let it out again in a prolonged and mighty "Ah-h-h-h!" The suspense of many long days and sleepless nights was brought to an end, and the greatest wonder of the world was at length before their eyes.

It was all true—nay, the half had not been said! That Automaton did beat all nature, as Sam Gumple remarked *sotto voce* to Nellie Swansdown. It seemed absolutely to be endowed with human intelligence; indeed, the opinion was expressed that no human intelligence could equal it. Why, it ogled the girls! it cracked jokes with the men!! it danced a hornpipe, and whistled "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle"!!! It put its hands into its pockets, and sang and acted "Walking down Broadway"—the first time the song had ever been produced upon that stage! The audience became excited—then wild—then frantic! Their enthusiasm amounted to madness, yet seemed wholly inadequate to the magnitude of the occasion. The Automaton was not an Automaton at all—it was a demi-god!

And how did the demi-god impress Nellie Swansdown? When it first stepped out of the box and came forward to the foot-lights, she almost started from her seat and could scarcely repress a scream. Then she partly recovered herself with a little laugh, and looking around to see if any one had observed her. Then she turned her eyes once more to the Automaton, and as she looked her gaze grew every moment more and more intense and absorbed, until it seemed as though she were living only in her eyes. An expression of incredulity deepened into wonder, that into amazement, that into mystification, that into apprehension. Her sweet lips were parted, and her breath came only by fits and starts. During the whole time the Automaton was on the stage she did not speak one word. Certainly no one was more impressed with that evening's entertainment than was Nellie Swansdown.

At last the end came. The Automaton, in a few well-chosen words, took leave of the audience, and expressed the hope of meeting them all again—if not all, at least some. They said afterwards that there was a peculiar twinkle in its eye as it made that remark. It retired up the stage, bowing to the right and left. When it reached the door of the box, and just before disappearing through it, it took a nosegay from its button-hole and tossed it towards the audience. A hundred hands were outstretched to grasp it, but it fell right into Nellie Swansdown's bosom, and stayed there. The Automaton nodded and smiled at her, vanished into his box, the curtain fell, and the exhibition was at an end. A sudden stillness and awe came over the audience, now that their crazy excitement was past. Silently they left their seats and hurried to get out of the hall before the gas should be turned off. The multitude outside, who had crowded to the entrance, curious to see the faces of those who had seen the Automaton, shrank back alarmed at their ghastly appearance. Every one hastened homeward as fast as his legs would take him, and in an incredibly short space of time there was not a soul left in the streets.

Among the last to leave the hall were Sam Gumple and Nellie Swansdown. A melancholy interest attaches to this last appearance of theirs together in the world. They were seen to walk off in the direction of home, until, having got beyond the range of the gas-lamp which burned dimly over the iron gate of the City Hall, they were swallowed up in the darkness. It was a warm, cloudy night, and drops of rain fell intermittantly, like blood-drops from a fatal wound. Nellie Swansdown, the pretty, the sweet, the lovable, was never seen again. As for Sam Gumple, he was picked up the next day, but in a state of hopeless idiocy. He maundered about a phantom carriage with jet-black horses, which came thundering along the road after he and Nellie had got a hundred yards or so from the Town Hall; said that out of this carriage had sprung a goblin which, from its figure and height, he recognized at once as the Automaton, though the flaxen hair and whiskers were gone; that this goblin had prostrated him by a left-handed blow in the eye, had seized Nellie round the waist,—she, from terror or some other cause being unable even to scream,—had leaped with her into the phantom coach, and had disappeared into the night with a rumble like an earthquake. This was Sam's story, gathered from time to time out of his mutterings and ravings. The good people of Mullenville knew not whether to believe it or not, but they at once decided that Sam ought to be confined in the town asylum, and the decision was forthwith carried into execution, and Sam occupies rooms there to this day.

There was one peculiar thing about it—nobody ever again saw or heard anything of the Automaton, or of its black-bearded and gentlemanly manager. No trace was left behind save the mysterious box, which remained standing on the stage behind the black curtain. A committee was appointed and organized to sit upon this box: this, not without many misgivings, they did, and decided that it ought to be opened. The bravest man in Mullenville was appointed to perform this office; he armed himself with a couple of revolvers and a prayer-book, and actually accomplished the feat; when there appeared, to reward the labors of the committee, a long black wig with a beard to match, and a flaxen ditto, with accompanying whiskers. These were locked up in the Court House, and then the committee, having published the result of their researches, adjourned *sine die.*

In process of time, as people's minds began to cool, the fame of the Automaton would seem gradually to have fallen into disrepute. It was declared that the thing wasn't so wonderful after all; that it had not, as a matter of fact, done half the things accredited to it; that its motions had not only been limited in scope, but stiff and mechanical in manner; that a whirring sound, as of a clock running down, accompanied every movement. Its voice, it was maintained, had been nothing but a croak and squeak; that it hadn't sung or whistled at all, and as for the reading and writing, that was all humbug.

Nevertheless, there have been, and still are, certain pig-headed people who persist in asserting that there was something more in that Automaton than ever was made known to the public at large. They hint that Nellie Swansdown was actually forced to elope with this mechanical goblin, as a judgment upon her for having, in a fit of anger with an admirer of hers, declared she would rather marry an automaton than him. They even pretended to have heard the rattle of carriage wheels on that eventful September night; and in regard to the nosegay, they declare it had a note tied to it, which Nellie read, and which told her more than she would have been inclined to admit; and there is much more nonsense of the kind which might be quoted, were it worth while.

It is pleasant to be able to record the amicable relations existing between the houses of Gumple and Swansdown, even though the marriage between the younger branches was never consummated. Their sorrows, probably, have united them.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

☞ Solomon Levi, of Cedar Rapids, shot himself, though not fatally, on the 8th, because his sweetheart went to the theatre with some one else.

☞ The Carolina suicide who swallowed some pounded glass, not long ago, died of a pane in his stomach.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

A CORRESPONDENT ACQUAINTS THEM WITH SOME OF THEIR FAULTS.

A London correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes:

Travelling Americans could not be so severely criticised as one hears them criticised throughout Europe if there were not some grounds for the criticism. I do not speak now of their alleged ostentation in spending money, which is called "the petroleum style." But one hears in every capital in Europe complaints that

THE AMERICAN LADIES

take the reading-rooms of hotels for conversational purposes, and render it almost impossible for European travellers to use what to them is the most indispensable thing about a hotel. This is a little thing, but it is not so little that Americans have acquired a reputation for snobbery, for fawning about Courts and Emperors, whatever their character.

There is here in London a perpetual social annoyance caused by a certain lack of tact and thoughtfulness of Americans in these apparently small things which, however, alone really make society possible. The English say they have given up all hope of making the average American understand the importance of an exact address and house number. He thinks if he writes on his note John Smith, Kensington, that it will reach its destination. He might as well write home to William Jones, America. The latter will just as easily reach the individual for whom it is intended as the former. An American of extraordinary exactitude may condescend to put on a note the name of the street in which his or her correspondent resides. But in a city where the names of streets are indefinitely multiplied—a hundred King streets, a hundred Queen streets—there are little marks, signs, and so forth to indicate the exact street meant, and above all the number of the house is absolutely necessary, there being no central delivery. The American sublimely overlooks these little signs which the Englishman puts on his letter with infinite pains, indeed. He generally has it printed at the top of his page, and the result is that a reply to an invitation goes travelling about London, to arrive, if at all, after the unexpected guest has been entertained and has departed. But even in this degree of thoughtfulness I am describing the extraordinary American. The average visitor from across the Atlantic does not, in the case of invitation into society, think it necessary to reply at all! The foreigner who appears in England with a letter of introduction is pretty sure to be invited to dinner at the house to which he is introduced. I have known scores of cases where Americans so invited have not considered it necessary to reply. Unless the lady of the house is experienced in transatlantic ways she concludes that the recipient of her note has left the country (for Paris). But, lo! he turns up on the day named, at dinner-time, when no preparations have been made for him, and possibly other engagements have been made. It is true that such negligence is not quite so frequent in the case of dinners as in those of evening parties. But in either case it is about as offensive a thing as an English family can imagine. London is a small world, having in it interests and affairs which divide up to a nicety every minute of each man and each woman's time. In order to be at home at a certain hour, or to give a certain dinner, other dinners must be declined, a visit to the opera must be declined, or something else must be set aside. Hence, between English people a posted note is as a spoken word, and a person receiving it would no more neglect or delay a reply than he or she would refuse to answer a spoken question. It is the necessity of a multifarious and complex state of society, and the annoyances which many Americans cause by their failure to note such little things as replies, exact addresses, &c., has given rise to that most disagreeable phrase which their friends here can hear—but often have to hear: "American manners."

Other things which Americans are apt to do when they first arrive excite a smile, perhaps, but do not affect the opinion of those who meet them. To appear at a dinner party or evening company in a frock coat or without a white cravat; to appropriate a whole plate of fruit from which he is expected to take a portion and pass the plate around; to pass out with the ladies when dinner is over, in ignorance that the gentlemen must remain after the ladies have withdrawn; to allow the dining-room door to be opened as it can be, for the ladies to withdraw, though he (the American) may be the nearest to the door, or the youngest man, whose duty it is to open the door promptly and stand beside it until the last lady has disappeared; to precede a lady upstairs, or in a door, or anywhere: all these one may smile at pleasantly, but know that they only indicate ignorance of customs, more or less unique, or it may be antiquarian. Such customs have, however, their *raison d'être*, and a wise man will observe them, reserving his rebellion against society for more serious things.

[Of course these latter mistakes do not come from any fault in the character of the traveller, but simply from a pardonable ignorance of English customs. In many respects their code of etiquette is not as sensible as that common in good American society. For instance, there are often occasions where it is better in every way for the gentleman to precede the lady.]

BASE BALL.

The following is a complete and official list of the players of the different professional clubs who are likely to take part in the contest for the championship during the present season. Until the clubs have met for practice, and the strongest position of each is discovered, their respective positions in the field can only be surmised:

ATHLETICS.—McBride, Malone, Cuthbert, Fisler, Treacy, Meyerle, McGeary, Reach, Mack, Anson, Sensenderfer.

TROY.—Wood, Allison, Force, McAtee, Bellan, Nelson, Gedney, Hodes, S. King, Martin, Zettlein.

BOSTON.—McVey, Spaulding, Gould, G. Wright, Barnes, Schaffer, Leonard, H. Wright, F. Rogers, Birdsall.

FOREST CITY.—Pratt, Wolters, White, Hastings, Carleton, Sweasy, Sutton, Holdsworth, Pabor, Allison.

MUTUALS.—Hicks, C. Mills, Cummings, Start, Hatfield, Pearce, Boyd, Eggler, McMullen, Betchel.

ATLANTIC.—Barlow, Brett, Behlman, Carney, Ferguson, Burdock, Chapman, Remsen, McDonald.

BALTIMORE.—Matthews, Craver, E. Mills, Pike, Radcliff, Higham, York, Hall, Fisher, Carey.

The following are the committees of the National Association for the ensuing year:

Judiciary.—Messrs. Hayhurst, Davidson, Doolittle, Young, Pike, Miller, Wright, Clark, and Ferguson.

Championship.—Messrs. Davidson, Clark, and Hayhurst.

It is possible that the Olympic and National Clubs, both of whom have strong teams, may put in an appearance for the pennant before the 1st of May.

☞ A cyclone passed over a forest near Nashville, Tennessee, lately. It lasted but a few minutes, and passed in a southwesterly direction in a solid, compact body, about three hundred yards wide, cutting a lane through the woods as evenly as if lines had been drawn to guide its course.

LOVE OF WOMAN.

O, love, when thou dost come into my heart;
If it be only short and changeful love;
A feeling of deep good towards all who move
Seems of thy joy a most o'erflowing part.
Therefore my thought hath often pictured thee
As some bright angel, who dost see how hard
It is for men to live pure and unmarred—
To climb the heights their aspirations see,
And so dost come down with thy glorious lamp
And set it in our hearts, when straight doth flee
All evil impulse which we could not tramp
Beneath our feet, while yet we knew not thee.
For love of woman is the golden door
Through which we pass, and long to sin no more.
A. P.

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THE ACCEPTED OFFERING.

The evening was pretty warm, so I sat in my cabin with my window and door open. I was reading by the light of a wax-candle, put in a swivel-stand; but although I was interested in the subject, I could not help being aware, in a sort of dreamy way, of the sounds which reached my ear from time to time. There was a harsh grinding and rattling of the steam-winch at work discharging cargo; the cries and curses of the coarse men at work; the striking of the bells on board; the lapping of the water at the wharf; the sounds of the great ferry-boats which crossed from East Boston to Boston proper. I was beginning to feel tired, and was thinking of turning in for the night, when the lamp that hung in the passage revealed the figure of the "second mate," a great rough, sulky-looking fellow, with as warm a heart as ever beat in human breast. "Oh," said I, "come in; sit down, and spin me that long-promised yarn of yours. Take a cigarette—'tis the only thing I smoke; I'll keep you company." So saying, I produced two of the little weeds, and we commenced slowly to exhale.

"Well, Sawbones," he began (I was the Doctor), "I hate palaver; so here goes. I was once mate of a coolie-ship. I am not going to speak of the coolie-trade at this time; but it's about coolies that the story is. I'm not going to enter into time or place, but suffice it that our ship was a good one, and we were on a voyage with a right heavy load of coolies. We were pretty tightly packed, I can tell you, and no mistake. Well, we had the blackies on deck pretty much, and we did all we could to ventilate and purify them; and as yet we had had no bad disorder among them—all was going pretty well.

"The skipper was much engaged below—he was one of the kind that believed in keeping the steam up—high-pressure, you know. In fact, I had command; the 'old man' never interfered. Doctor, boys are the greatest nuisance and torment that you can have afloat or ashore—no mistake. We had two boys. They were little dwarfish chits, but as cunning and tricky as young apes. It took us all our time to look after those boys. Sometimes they fought—sometimes they leagued in mischief; but if they were out of sight, you might be sure they were doing no good. George was the name of one, Harry that of the other. The whole of the ship was against them, and they against the whole ship. It was a game, and the little wretches played well. Of course, they were thrashed from time to time, but that seemed to act only as a stimulant.

"Well, one day the coolies got up a great affair—at least, it was a great affair to them, poor creatures. They were to give a sort of offering to their god—or, at least, to one of them. They wanted to be in his good books, you see, and so they made him this gift. I don't know all that was in the bundle, but I *think* there was rice, and I *know* that there was money. The offering was fixed to the truck of the mainmast—the truck, you know, is the button affair at the very top-point of the mast. Well, it was fastened up during the day, and the sign was, that if the god came in the night and took away the bundle, he was well pleased, and meant to bless their voyage. It was fastened all right, and they set a watch of their own to keep a tight eye to the bundle, so that they might see the god swoop down and carry it away. There was also a group of coolies at the shrouds to see that there was no unhallowed interference by the ship's people.

"Well, evening shaded into night, and deuced dark night it was too—heavy masses of cloud scudding across a sombre sky; not bad weather, but rather threatening, you know. I was on watch, feeling rather anxious as to how the night might turn out. Our doctor, a native, came to my side. He was a very intelligent fellow, I can tell you, and well educated. He didn't believe in the god coming down and taking away the bundle; but he wasn't such a fool as to express his mind before the coolies. They are rather dangerous cattle at times. You read now and again of their rising in mutiny, killing the officers and crew, ay, even setting fire to the ship, and playing the deuce generally. Coolies are not to be trifled with, especially when there is a great crowd of them. Of course, they are ignorant and superstitious, and such are always dangerous. Life with such people is at a discount, and no mistake. Well, the doctor and I were devising plans for ventilating the ship by kindling fires, etc., and so the watch passed. When eight bells struck at midnight, I turned in as soon as I was relieved. It seemed scarcely a minute before I heard eight bells strike again, and I was forced to know that it was four o'clock in the morning, and time for me to be on deck to take my watch. I found the ship much as I had left her. The 'second' said that the wind had not risen higher than when I went below, but that the night had been intensely dark. It was so at the time he spoke. I commenced to pace to and fro—wishing heartily that my watch was over, and, as time passed, noticing the gradual diffusion of the uncertain light of early morning.

"Suddenly, my blood was nearly frozen in my veins by a devilish uproar. I thought at first that it was mutiny—then fire. While I was composing my mind for action, the screaming was renewed tenfold. Coolies streamed and crowded on deck in dozens. They were all violently excited, but did not seem disposed to do any mischief. I sent one of the hands to ascertain what was the row, before I gave any command, but before he returned, the native doctor sprang to my side with glassy terror-stricken eyes and trembling limbs. 'Mr. Topsal,' says he, 'our lives are in danger! What folly, what madness! Who could do it? You must act very prudently, Mr. Topsal, or this will be our last voyage.'

"While I was staring at the poor horrified doctor, unable to see his drift, the man returned, and said that the row was caused by the coolies having discovered that the bundle was gone—or, as they said, that their god had carried it off. It was yet early dawn, and the great fact had just been discovered. I had forgotten about the affair. Now I glanced up at the truck of the mainmast. No bundle was there. It was gone. How? Nothing in the way of atmospheric force could have removed it. Of course, we could not admit the supernatural (unless, indeed, a half-formed suspicion of the possibility of the devil having done the thing.) Only one other explanation remained, that of human intervention. But how? and who? I felt cold and giddy, a clammy perspiration oozed out on me, and I felt shaky. I nerved myself. I must act at once, and secretly.

"The doctor whispered: 'Oh, Topsal, we'll all be murdered in cold blood, if they discover the trick. Who could it have been?'

"I could only echo his question with a groan. I called the 'second,' much to his surprise and disgust; but having left the deck in his charge, the doctor and I went on a voyage of discovery. First we repaired to my room, and thought. Suddenly we both raised our eyes, and staring at each other, wispered: 'The boys.'

"'Oh, confound them!' cried I; 'only wait. If we make this voyage, and get quit of this load of gunpowder safely, oh, won't I give them jessy!'

"Let us hunt them up,' said the doctor.

"So we set out for the forecastle. We entered noiselessly, and crept in the direction of the boys' bunks. At first there seemed nothing unusual. The lamps swung and creaked, the timbers strained, the water went thud, thud on the ship's bows. We crawled nearer. We held our breath. Hush! What sound was that? Was it not like the chinking of money? Oh, horror!

"The doctor and I pinched each other black and blue, and shuddered. We crawled still nearer. We got behind a coil of rope and some barrels. We peeped into the corner where the two young scapegraces dwelt. Yes, the metallic sound proceeded from that direction. We stretched our necks. There before our eyes sat the two little creatures, with the bundle between them, cosily but secretly dividing the spoil. Such a combination of daring and folly almost made us commit ourselves. But we watched our chance, and pounced on them, and clapped our hands on their mouths. In a second we had them tied up and gagged. The contents of the bundle we quietly concealed about our persons, and dropped overboard when we went aft. We set a watch over the boys, and I read them a lesson in whispers, which put the terror of death on them. It was a dark night, you know; *they had climbed up the stay unnoticed, and taken the bundle!*

"Ah! doctor, I'll never forget that voyage. I was forever thinking that the blackies were rising, or that they were conspiring. On deck, I walked on needles and pins—every sound startled me. I had taken all possible precautions, had my arms ready, etc.; but it would have been madness to have thought of resistance. I had all the burden on my shoulders, for I never told the skipper, and the 'second' did not seem to understand the affair nor to appreciate our danger. But the native doctor did, and assisted me ably. Even my turn below was no rest; I couldn't sleep—I dozed and started till I was called on deck again. O man, it was awful! Suspense, doctor, is a terrible thing!' I felt just as if I were living over a volcano—never sure but that an eruption might occur. It would almost have been a relief to have had the worst. My hair turned gray, doctor—no mistake. The 'second' even noticed that. I turned shaky and fanciful. No, doctor, I didn't drink; that had nothing to do with it. How I rejoiced at the close of each day! We made a pretty good voyage; and I almost felt as if the land, when we first sighted it, was paradise! When we actually got that cargo safely on shore, and I felt my throat still uncut, I almost thought it too good to be true—no mistake!"

I don't know how many of my cigarettes Mr. Topsal smoked, but I know that the stock was sadly reduced.

"But I say, Topsal," I put in, "what about the boys, you know? Did you give them an awful thrashing?"

Mr. Topsal looked sulkier than usual as he replied: "Well, they got loose as soon as we got into port—robbed me, and deserted the ship. That was the last that I ever saw of them."

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A REMARKABLE DREAM.

Few there are of the some time residents of the city of New York who do not remember those days of public and private agony, in October, 1854, when the Collins's steamship Arctic was overdue and supposed to be lost at sea. It was a favorite line and vessel, and on board were persons of the highest social standing. Consequently the name of the Arctic was on every lip, and, while the friends of those on board were oppressed with the most terrible apprehensions, the public mind generally was scarcely less excited.

The Collins vessels were so regular that merchants timed the delivery of the mails almost to an hour, and when day after day sped by, and neither the vessel nor any tidings of her came to hand, the gloom became deeper. Strange to relate, one of the most desponding was Mr. E. K. Collins, the manager of the line, and the person after whom it was named. The crowds who flocked to the office to question him, and who naturally expected to see him full of hope, found him pale, dispirited, and often in tears. His wife and two children were on board, but it was thought that his confidence in the staunchness of the vessels, and the seamanship of those in charge of them, would make him treat the matter in a totally different spirit from which he did. Much surprise was expressed, but the actual reason for his great depression was at that time known only to a few of his relatives and most intimate friends. It arose, in truth, from a dream, which left an impression beyond his power to overcome, and which in the end was verified in every particular.

A number of the directors and various merchants were assembled in the private office of the company on a Monday afternoon. The vessel was then some two days overdue, having been expected on the previous Saturday evening. At this time Mr. Collins lived at a magnificent residence in Westchester County, and had remained in town over Sunday, to receive his family on the arrival of the steamer. He spent Saturday night at the house of his brother, and on Sunday morning came down to the breakfast-table looking so haggard that it attracted attention. When spoken to about it, he frankly stated that he had passed a restless night, broken by a dream that the Arctic was lost. The matter was laughed at by the brother; but when Monday morning came without the vessel having been reported, Mr. Collins again spoke of his dream. During Monday he related it to several others, and at the hour of the assemblage in the private office it was told over again—with an injunction of secrecy, however, which prevented it from reaching the public. As one after another came into the office, they were painfully impressed with the gloom which was pictured in the face of Mr. Collins. A large man, of erect stature, and marked dignity of manners, he did not look like a person who would give way to any useless fears on any occasion. But he was far more quiet than usual; he seemed to shrink away from those in conversation, and his face was of a deathlike paleness.

"What is the matter with Collins?" said one and another, in whispers.

"Remember his wife and children are on board the Arctic," said some one, in reply.

"Yes," responded another; "but there is no occasion for alarm. The ship is a staunch one, and within a few hours at most will, I think, come gallantly to her wharf."

"Never!" said a deep, solemn voice.

All gave a slight start at the tone and words, and turned in the direction whence they proceeded. The speaker was Mr. Collins himself.

"I am satisfied, gentlemen," he remarked, in the same solemn manner, "that the Arctic has gone to the bottom."

"Impossible!" cried all.

"I am quite astonished at the opinion," said Mr. James Brown, a prominent director. "No one knows better than you do, Mr. Collins, the superior construction of the ships of our line, and the qualifications of the officers and crew in charge of the Arctic."

"Any vessel may be lost," said Mr. Collins; "and while I am satisfied that as directors and public servants we have done all that human beings could do in the premises, still I believe the Arctic to be lost. May a good God have protected those on board!"

Here his voice failed him, and his eyes were suffused with tears. With his thoughts far out on the broad, dangerous ocean, he had seen the faces of his wife and children among those helpless ones, and for the moment he could say no more.

The scene was affecting in the extreme, and perhaps never had its equal in any counting-room in the world. For some time there was entire silence, and then Mr. Brown remarked:

"Mr. Collins, you must have some good reason for your opinion."

"None in the world," returned Mr. Collins, "except a dream."

"A dream!" repeated one and another, in astonishment.

All sneered, and some almost laughed aloud.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Collins, with a dignity which was peculiarly impressive in him, "gentlemen, you no doubt regard this as a great weakness. Perhaps it is. Dreams are generally regarded as foolish things, but I have had one under such circumstances that it has become to me a presentiment of evil to this ship, which no power on earth can remove."

Every man there listened with his ears wide open, and looked full in the face of the usually strong-minded man who spoke these words so seriously and impressively.

"Last Saturday night," continued Mr. Collins, "I dreamed of the Arctic. I saw her as perfectly before me as I ever saw her. It was her graceful model, her spacious decks, and her noble officers and crew. I saw all of this and more. I saw a hole in her side; there was a panic on her decks; people were running hither and thither, and crying to be saved; and, sirs, I saw that noble ship go down."

"But all this was a dream," said Mr. Brown, after a moment.

"I believe it a reality," replied Mr. Collins; "and again I say, may heaven have protected those poor souls on board. However, I beg that neither my dream nor convictions may reach the public."

Soon after the merchants went their several ways. Not one of them could shake off the impressions made by what had occurred. Meanwhile the newspapers endeavored to sustain public confidence by all kinds of plausible stories. Three days later the first of the survivors reached our shores with the harrowing tale of the disaster by collision to the Arctic, and of the loss of most of those on board. When all the facts became known, they were exact in every particular with Mr. Collins's dream, and it may properly be regarded as one of the most striking and remarkable that ever occurred.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE JAPANESE.

The Japanese Embassy has been busily engaged during the past week in viewing Philadelphia. All the large manufacturing establishments, the shipyards, waterworks, etc., have been presented to their curious and knowledge-seeking eyes, and, with the aid of their interpreter, they have doubtless been well posted up in matters of American industry. The evenings they have generally spent in visiting the various theatres, or in attending the opera at the Academy, and listening to the singing of Parepa. They do not appreciate American music. Think there is great extravagance in using so many instruments in the orchestra when one or two pipes and drums would make much more agreeable harmony. When they visited the Arch Street Theatre, Mathews, the English comedian, was playing there. They remained throughout the performance, and apparently enjoyed themselves—for two went to sleep—others amused themselves with an opera glass, the mysteries of which were explained by Tommy—and the remainder managed to keep awake by mentally comparing the costumes of the audience with those of their people at home. They appeared to find delight in Hassler's orchestra, but failed, strangely, to appreciate Mathew's humor. We understand that they expected that elderly gentleman to do a "pas seul," and were greatly disappointed because he didn't.

They eyed Mahtews for a minute, then settled back in their seats, waiting patiently for the dance, which came not. It was at first the intention to have the interpreter accompany them, and that he should translate the plays as they progressed, but that gentleman pleaded another engagement, and had to be excused. Tommy did his best for awhile, but soon tired of the work, and facing the stage told his companions, in Japanese, that he wouldn't be bothered with them any more. A reporter says he overheard this remark, and we believe him. Mathews was to receive the next day a series of indignant resolutions from the Japs, asking the cause why of his not dancing. After the play they expressed themselves in not very complimentary terms of the performance. They declared they couldn't see what made the audience stay there if there wasn't going to be a dance or even the ladder trick.

THE SWAMP OUTLAWS.

Various rumors are afloat relative to the actions of the Lowry gang of outlaws in North Carolina.

It is said that H. B. Lowry leader of the gang has either "shot himself accidentally, or fled the country." It is also stated that a man named Abbott is gathering followers to capture or kill the Lowry gang, and secure the reward of $35,000 offered by the State.

The New York Herald had the following dispatches in the early part of the week, though we cannot vouch for their reliability.

WILMINGTON, N. C., March 16, 1872.

To the New York Herald:

The following message was given to the conductor at Moss Neck by one of the Lowery outlaws:

To the New York Herald:

We have captured your correspondent. Will not hurt him, but will keep him a week. Boss is not dead.

his
STEPHEN X LOWERY,
mark.
his
W. X. STRONG,
mark.

Witness—A. B. HENDERSON.

SECOND DISPATCH.

RICHMOND, Va., March 16.—I learn from Wilmington that one of your correspondents had sent a note to the Western Union office at Wilmington, enclosing a special dispatch to the Herald, signed by two members of the Lowery gang, and asking the manager to forward it. He also sent a message to his wife informing her of his capture; that he was with the Lowery's, but safe. They intend to keep him a week, but have given him assurances of safety. This dispatch is said to be endorsed by your correspondent as true. I may have more particulars at a later hour.

THIRD DISPATCH.

WILMINGTON, N. C., March 16.—Intelligence has been received here that a gentleman, supposed to be the representative of the New York Herald, who got off the train at Eureka depot, near Scuffletown, the day before yesterday, has been captured by the Lowery outlaws.

He was seen at Moss Neck depot to-day with Stephen Lowery and Andrew Strong, and appeared to be guarded by them. He had one of their rifles strapped to his back, and said he was their prisoner. One of the outlaws handed to the conductor of the train a dispatch directed to the Herald, signed by Stephen Lowery and Andrew Strong, but supposed to have been written by the correspondent.

The purport of this dispatch is said to be that he was the prisoner of the gang, who intended to retain him until they were satisfied that he was not an impostor. The opinion generally prevails that his attempt to interview the outlaws may result seriously, and many believe that he has put his head in the lion's mouth. The outlaws are no respecter of persons, and their treachery is proverbial.

ITEMS.

In the Massachusetts House of Representatives, lately, the chaplain, in his opening prayer, "expressed a fervent hope that the members would act favorably toward the question of woman suffrage." When the prayer was finished a member raised the point that under the rules no person not a member could discuss matters pending in the House, and the Speaker sustained the point.

Dr. Howard, the American physician who offended the Spanish authorities in Cuba, has been shipped from Havana for a penal colony on the coast of Africa.

It is stated from Buffalo, that the "oldest navigators" on Lake Erie say they never "knew so much ice with so little snow." For nearly eighty miles out the lake is covered with ice over three feet thick, and it is feared that navigation will not open until late in May.

A Florida paper has an authorized account of the exploits of a cycle. Among the rest, a new wagon was torn to pieces, and one tire was found completely wrapped around a tree an eighth of a mile distant.

Dr. E. G. Marshall, Assistant Surgeon of the Wisconsin Insane Asylum, died from the effects of wounding his finger while engaged in dissecting.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives have defeated the woman suffrage amendment by a vote of 136 to 77.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AN IRREPARABLE LOSS.

THE WORLD-FAMED ACADEMY OF ART IN DUSSELDORF FALLS A PREY TO THE FLAMES.

DUSSELDORF, March 20.—A conflagration attended with most disastrous results occurred here last night. The Town Council Hall and the world-famed Academy of Art were burned, and a large number of the most valuable paintings in the latter building were destroyed,

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY OF FINE ARTS.

The Dusseldorf gallery was founded in 1690, and contained many superb specimens of the works of the best Flemish and Dutch masters. Many of the finest pictures in the collection were removed to Munich in 1805, but 14,000 original drawings and 24,000 engravings and casts were left, and these formed the nucleus of the present gallery. A number of famous works have since been added, the most noteworthy addition being that of 300 water-color drawings in 1841. Besides engravings and paintings, the gallery was peculiarly rich in its collection of statuary, models, and casts.

In 1777 Karl Theodore established the famous Academy, and in Dusseldorf art has flourished more than in any other German town. Especially has this been the case since 1822, when Frederic William III. renovated the Academy building, and when, at the same time, Cornelius, Schadow, and other artists of genius arose to give to art a powerful impulse by laying the foundation of the Dusseldorf school of Painters.

EXCITING SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

An exciting scene occurred on the evening of March 19 in the British House of Commons when Sir Charles W. Dilke's resolve to investigate the expenses of the crown came up. He put the motion amid a storm of groans and cheers, and having read it proceeded to support it in a set speech. Derisive laughter was heard in all parts of the House, in the galleries as well as on the floor during its delivery, and the confusion was at times so great that his voice was inaudible.

When he had concluded, Mr. Auberon Herbert, member for Nottingham, seconded the motion.

Mr. Gladstone then rose, when order was resumed, and the members became attentive. Mr. Gladstone contradicted positively many of Sir Charles Dilke's statements. One who assumed to instruct the public, he said, must at least be accurate. He denounced as mischievous the speech made by the member at New Castle, and hinted that the success of his motion would be equal to the success of that speech. In conclusion, Mr. Gladstone urged the House on every ground to reject the motion.

Mr. Auberon Herbert endeavored to speak, but his voice was drowned with groans and cries of "Oh, divide."

The Speaker insisted on the preservation of order, when all the Conservatives and many Liberals left the Chamber.

Mr. Herbert attempted to continue his speech. He declared that he preferred a republic over a monarchy.

Here interruptions commenced again, and three attempts were made to count out the House.

Lord George Hamilton called attention to the demonstrations of persons in the visitors' and reporters' galleries in violation of the rules. The galleries were cleared, but were soon afterwards reopened.

After several attempts to adjourn and various dilatory motions, the House divided with the following result:—For the motion 2, against 274.

The result was greeted with cheers and laughter.

ITEMS.

The London press urge the British Government to bring the present difficulty with America, arising out of the claims for indirect damages, to an amicable and honorable solution.

An enthusiastic but orderly demonstration in honor of Mazzini, the Italian Republican, was made last Sunday in Rome.

The Swiss Engineers, Naiff, Riggenback and Zschokke, are about to construct a railway to the summit of Mount Vesuvius similar to that on Mount Washington.

The Tichborne claimant has been unable to procure bail.

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☞ One of the most brilliant attempts ever made in smuggling was recently frustrated on the Canadian border. The detective noticed an unusual number of women with babies on the train, and becoming a little suspicious, examined one of the youngsters. Its clothes were according to regulation, but its body was of tin and filled with the best French brandy. There were no less than forty of the same family on the train.

☞ Jacob Fournhis, who was probably the oldest man in the world, died recently at Kansas City. He was about 138 years old, and remembered distinctly, the taking of Quebec by Wolfe, in 1759. In 1814, at the time of the occupation of New Orleans by General Jackson, Fournhis was not allowed to enlist because he was too old. He followed the occupation of a hunter for fifty years, and retired about thirty years ago from active work.

☞ It is well known that Frenchmen will put an end to themselves on very slight provocation, but the extreme point of indifference to life has perhaps lately been exhibited by a young man in Paris, who ended his existence on account of his inability to get off some tight boots. Having written a memorandum to the effect that he had failed in everything from infancy, and at last even failed to draw off his torturers, he proceeded to cut his throat with a kitchen knife.

ARKANSAS FLIES.

They have large horse-flies out in Arkansas, but the people are intelligent and full of resources; and the farmers there have lately "come a game on them" that is likely to discourage further emigration of the species. They patiently watch the varmint as he wrestles with the animal, and after the horse has become disabled by the loss of blood, and lies down in the furrow, they just harness the fly up in the horse's toggery, and keep right along with the ploughing. No doubt there are people so incredulous as to doubt the truth of this statement. There is no pleasure in writing for such persons.

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FOR MOTHERS.—Send your little children to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years that may be in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds. "My father and mother loved me." Nothing can take away that blessed heart-balm. Lips parched with the world's fever will become dewy again at the thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.

◆

A DIFFICULT CASE.—The most difficult case a coroner ever had to sit on was this: A blockhead of a fellow desirous of committing suicide, laid his chump-head on the rails as an express was coming. He was uninjured, but the train went off the line, and several people were killed. He was tried for murder with intent to kill, found guilty and executed. But when, as is usual, the coroner attended at the jail to certify as to the cause of death, he did not know whether the verdict ought to be "natural causes," or "constructive suicide, with extenuating circumstances." We give it up.

◆

☞ The generous people of the West never do things by the halves. At the china wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Gage, at Blackberry, Illinois, the presents amounted to six cart-loads of crockery ware.

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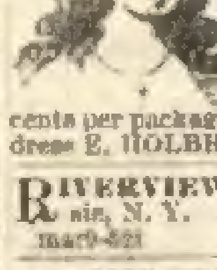

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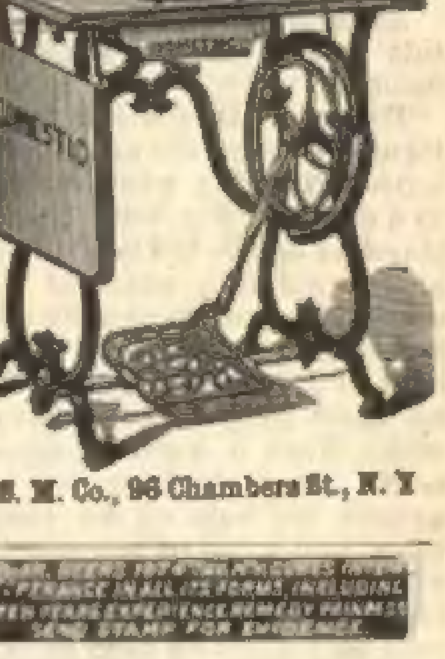

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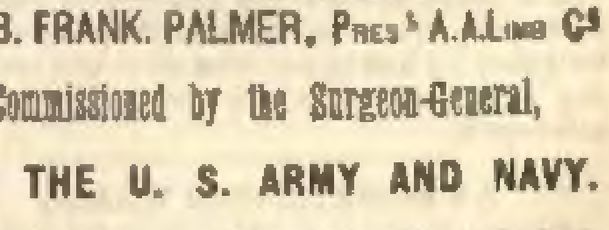

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WIT AND HUMOR.

THE STORY OF THOMPSON DUNBAR.

BY MAX ADELER.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in August when Thompson Dunbar, the courageous young Mormon, led his bride to the altar. There were thirty-two of her, and as she walked up the aisle, leaning upon the arms of thirty-two of Thompson Dunbar's friends, the eye of Thompson Dunbar beamed with joy, and he gazed with joy into her lovely young faces with bright anticipations of future happiness in the company of every one of her. In a few moments the ceremony was over, and these thirty-three were made one flesh, and Thompson Dunbar and his wife retreated down the isle in single file and went to their humble home in nine carriages. But unalloyed bliss was not to be the portion of Thompson and his numerous bride. He was a sailor; and after lingering for a few days he kissed Mrs. Dunbars good-by, and weeping upon her necks, he tore himself away and went to rove on the billows of the Pacific Ocean. One night there was a fearful tempest, and the gallant bark, after a prolonged contest with the elements, sank to rise no more. All on board were lost but Thompson Dunbar. This intrepid tar lashed himself securely to the binnacle, and so sustained himself in the seething foam for two days. At the end of that time he was cast ashore upon a desert island, which was only nine feet long by six feet wide. Upon landing, Mr. Dunbar surveyed the rock, and, after drafting a map of it, he took possession of it in the name of the United States, and manufactured a flag from his pocket-handkerchief and red flannel shirt, which he hoisted on the island. Here he lived for fifteen years on whatever fat could be found in the land. He held elections twice every year, and celebrated the Fourth of July and Washington's birthday regularly when they came around by reading the Declaration of Independence and singing the Star-Spangled Banner. Thus did he pass his years in luxurious ease, doing all he could to be comfortable. But he never ceased to mourn his separation from his wife, and to long to clasp her, one after another, to his bosom.

Meantime, how did *she* bear the affliction which had befallen her? For the first two or three years Mrs. Dunbar would go up at evening and stand all at once at each of the thirty-two windows and gaze out towards the ocean, straining all sixty-three of her eyes (one of Mrs. Dunbar had a cataract) to catch a glimpse of her Thompson. But Thompson did not come; and as a feeling of sadness stole over her soul, Mrs. Dunbar would bow her heads over the infants in her arms and weep, while she sang thirty-two lullabys, and accuse some other one of her of singing flat, and of not keeping time. But at last she gave up all hope of Thompson's return, and agreed that he must be dead. So, as soon as it was known she had made up her mind on the subject, Mr. Arbutus Jones had a revelation that he must marry Dunbar's widow. Arbutus Jones had loved her—the whole of her—when she was maidens, but she had refused him unanimously. But now he began to press his suit again. Often he would take her by as many of her little hands as he could conveniently hold, and would stroll with her into some quiet grassy dell, and she would arrange herself around in a circle by the side of some babbling brook, while he sat in the centre, and whispered soft words of love to her, and walked around and pressed each of her hands, and let the love-light of his eyes shine on her faces and warm the flickering flame in her hearts.

At last, having given up all hope of ever seeing her dear Thompson, Mrs. Dunbar, by a vote of 27 to 4—the woman with the cataract not voting—consented to become the wife of Arbutus Jones.

* * * * *

An interval of ten years elapses between this part of the story and that which is to come.

Thompson Dunbar, at the end of his fifteenth year on the island, was rescued by a boat-club which was passing by on its way to a regatta. He went home to Utah, and marched up the hill to his house, in the evening, wondering which of Mrs. Dunbar he would kiss first, so as not to make the others jealous and sacrifice his hair. There was a light in the window, and Thompson thought he would peep in before he presented himself. What a horrible spectacle met his eyes! There he saw his wife sitting up against the wall on all four sides of the room, and a few of her gathered around the centre-table knitting. And Arbutus Jones, his old rival, occupied the arm-chair and held six infants on each knee, while he tried to amuse one hundred and thirty-eight other children who were playing on the floor, and to rock seven cradles with his toes and a coupling-machine of his own invention.

Truly it was a lovely domestic scene—the affectionate little family collected about its peaceful hearthstone! But when Thompson Dunbar saw it, he understood its meaning at a glance, and wildly shrieking "False! False!" he fell to the ground and groaned and wept, and wished that he had been born a Shoshone Indian rather than that he should have seen that day.

But Thompson Dunbar bravely determined not to disturb the serenity of that happy household; so he walked back to his hotel and went to bed, and told the landlady that after he was dead she must send for Mrs. Jones to come and look at him.

"Which of her?" asked the landlady.

"All of her," said Dunbar. And then, finding that the vital spark had fled, Thompson Dunbar closed his eyes, and his sunny spirit winged its way into the empyrean.

The funeral took place next day; and at the head of the procession might have been seen Mrs. Arbutus Jones, walking sadly in a row, each carrying under her arm a gravestone, containing a tribute to the memory of Thompson Dunbar. He was buried with impressive ceremonies, and when the services were over, Mrs. Jones planted thirty-two tombstones on his grave and watered them with their tears; and the undertaker said that he had never seen so much mourning at a funeral which took place in the afternoon.

AN ACCOMPLISHED WHALE.

London papers relate curious stories of the blunders made by Oxford under-graduates in the Scripture examination which they have to pass before taking their degrees.

It is told of one that when asked who was the first King of Israel, he was fortunate to stumble upon the name of Saul. He saw that he had hit the mark, and, wishing to show the examiners how intimate his knowledge of the Scripture was, he added, confidently:

"Saul—also called Paul."

Another was called upon to mention "the two instances recorded in Scripture of the lower animals speaking."

The under-graduate thought for a moment, and replied:

"Balaam's ass."

"This is one, sir. What is the other?"

Under-graduate paused in earnest thought. At last a gleam of recollection lit up his face, as he replied:

"The whale! The whale said unto Jonah, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!'"

☞ A letter directed to the "Belle of Albany, Ga.," is claimed by every young lady in that town, and the postmaster can see no other way out of the difficulty but to resign.

A SUMMER-DAY SONG.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

The morn awakes like brooding dove,
With outspread wings of gray;
Her feathery clouds close in above,
And roof a sober day.

No motion in the deeps of air!
No trembling in the leaves!
A still contentment everywhere,
That neither laughs nor grieves!

A film of sheeted silver gray
Shuts in the ocean's hue;
White-winged feluccas leave their way
Behind in gorgeous blue.

Dream on, dream on, oh dreamy day!
The very clouds are dreams;
You child is dreaming far away—
He is not where he seems.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 19.

THE FATE OF REDSON.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Nearly a year and a-half had elapsed since our last visit to Little Huron, when loaded with peltries we again found ourselves approaching the station. We had purposely delayed beyond the usual period so as to avoid the previous scenes. We found the place comparatively quiet, and but little changed from formerly. There had not been so much trading this season—a rival post drawing many of the trappers below this place; and again, many of the Indian tribes had not come down the Ottawa at all. Mr. Dermot felt some anxiety about the matter, he being but the Company's agent, and they might blame him for some mismanagement in the affair.

But suddenly one morning there swept around a curve of the river scores of canoes, shooting along with the eager and jubilant cries of savage hunters, when mingled in with half-breed, and oftimes, renegade boatmen of the Canadas.

Many of the old sachems had their wives along—the women often dipping the sweeps with the skill of the savage race.

They came on shore and erected their birch-bark lodges, and were waited upon by the trading officials of the place.

These Indians were not from Lake Huron, but a neighboring tribe, and perhaps more muscular in build than those tribes who depend for subsistence upon fishing.

Singularly enough, on the second day after their arrival, Redson and a party of wood-rangers appeared upon the scene. We greeted our old companion with fervor, having had him vividly recalled by the time and place, and much fearing that he had met a tragical end. He informed us that he had been in to the post six months previously, but made a short stay only.

I made no reference to the incident of the year before, but I saw, by the settled gloom of his expression, that he had hugged his disappointment to his breast with a depth of feeling that I never dreamed would fasten itself to the wild character of a hunter.

We went down towards the encampment of savage hunters, hardly knowing why we did so. The Indian beauties decked out in all their gaudy finery were flitting about the rough booths, or sunning themselves with all the indolence of aboriginal nature.

Suddenly Redson uttered a hoarse ejaculation, and griped my arm like a vice. Just before us in the door of a lodge stood, without sign of recognition, dressed in all the gorgeousness of a savage beauty, old Pierre's graceful daughter.

I never saw so many and such rapid changes as passed over my companion's face.

He advanced towards her with extended hands. Her black eyes did not waver, but as he still continued to advance, she swayed about like a willow and disappeared within the lodge. Redson, in his eagerness, would have followed, but hearing voices within, I seized him by the arm, and forcibly drew him away, "Are you mad?" I exclaimed.

"I must speak with her," he returned.

"Wait then a fitting opportunity. At least ascertain if she is not already the wife of a brave."

"It never can be as you suppose?"

"Why then does she not choose to recognize you? she surely has not forgotten you in this short time. And where is the Huron chief?"

He could not answer these questions, no more than myself.

But Redson, as if fascinated hovered about the lodges, endeavoring to get a moment's speech with the girl, but in vain. Knowing that he might at any moment rashly imperil his life by some unpremeditated recklessness of conduct, I also haunted the locality with something of his persistency.

Getting speech with an old squaw one day and loosening her tongue with two or three strings of beads and some glass ear drops, I made inquiries about the girl, and learned that she was the wife of a voyager; but she was deaf to all my questions of, where she came from, and abruptly left me. I was sure that this information would dampen Redson's ardor, and hoped that as soon as he learned that she was irrevocably lost to him, he would leave the locality. Not so, he disbelieved the story. He looked upon the girl as a captive still. Doubtless the Chinooks, in a raid upon the Hurons, had captured the girl and might be holding her as a hostage.

I resolved in some way to get speech with the girl alone, and see if there was nothing to be obtained in that manner; but she was most jealously looked after by an invincible old squaw, colored and wrinkled like a rotten apple. Evidently the conduct of Redson had aroused suspicion and they were on their guard.

One day I resolved upon a bold move. When the braves were all attending the sale of their peltries, with some gay strips of cloth upon my arm, and my pockets distended with as great a variety of notions as bed themselves in the breeches of a school-boy, I pushed aside the birch-bark door and entered the tent occupied by old Pierre's daughter, and as I suspected her mother-in-law.

"Minette," said I, "come and see some of my pretty goods."

The old woman answered the summons.

"Minette," said I again, motioning towards the girl.

"No, Miette," returned the puckered crone in villainous *patois*, "no, Miette—Lorsa—no much say—no like um stay, u-a-h!"

I made this out more by signs than language, but my persistent calls to the girl brought her forward at last, and placing some gaudy trinkets in her hands I spoke low and rapidly.

"Minette, are you a captive? Do you wish to be free? If you remember Redson and our other visit, why do you not attempt to escape?"

She stared blankly in my face as a person might who had not understood a word spoken to her.

"No Speak'ee, no make'ee out," interposed the squaw; but as the girl still held her baubles I looked again fairly in her face, and suddenly discovered a something about her face that astounded me—a change that might lead to the mystery. With one more glance I left the wigwam, leaving my wares beind me.

When I came outside I tried to think clearly, but for a time I could not do so. But directly feeling convinced that I had a clue to the strange affair. I walked out to the cabin of old Pierre, and making myself known to him, I held a long conversation with the old man, and learned what I wished, without telling him what was in my mind.

I then sought Redson to communicate with him, but to my utter astonishment he was nowhere to be found. He had evidently left the place, but for what purpose? Here was another problem to solve. My movements must be rapid if I would avert a pending catastrophe.

Upon investigating I found that the company of wood-rangers who had come in to the post with Redson were also gone. There then was but one conclusion to draw. In his headstrong passion the infatuated man had drawn off his renegade companions, both trappers and boatmen, intending to attack the returning savages and recapture Pierre's daughter. When the probable results of this mad enterprise struck upon my mind, it nearly palsied my movements.

Several miles up from the post the river narrowed in between high banks, and the probability was that here the attack would be made, bringing what disastrous results I alone knew. While I was making sure upon all these points the yearly carousal had ended, and the trappers were preparing to move off.

I had taken into confidence another man, named Roby, because I did not deem it expedient to move alone.

We started up the course of the Ottawa on the morning that the canoes were to start, but found that we were indifferently mounted, and the boats might arrive before us. We, however, dashed forward at our best pace, and, excited and foaming, reached our destination but little in advance of the boats, and to our dismay found nothing of Redson. We halted for a brief consultation.

"They would hardly venture to attack so large a party by day, and it is possible that Redson intends to get forward to where the river makes a sharp bend, and where, among the trees, the trappers will quite likely camp for the night."

This seemed reasonable, and there was nothing to do but to move forward. There were to be seen the glimmer of many lodge fires upon the shore when we arrived in the vicinity spoken of by Roby, and, dismounting, we cautiously advanced to reconnoitre.

Northwesterly of them, a belt of woodland came down almost to their camping ground, and making a wide sweep we came into this strip, and stumbled upon Redson's astonished party. He guessed our errand, and was not well pleased, but as determined in his own course as ever.

"Redson," I exclaimed, as we drew off to a safe distance from the others, "what do you contemplate doing?"

"Surprising the camp, and carrying off the girl."

"But I have sought you everywhere to save you from destruction. Your number, if none prove treacherous, are outmatched four to one. Besides, there is no end to the trouble which you will bring upon yourself and others."

"As for myself, I do not care for trouble—as for others, let them look out for themselves."

"In the first place desist, as the girl is already the wife of a renegade."

"Mummery and stuff."

"No, I have ascertained that the Catholic priest of a small village in the Indian settlements married them. Besides that, you have obtained no gleam of recognition from her since they came to the post."

"She dared do no different, with that infernal old squaw on the watch continually."

"Well, then, hear my last argument. You told me yourself that old Pierre was crazed nearly by the tragical fate of a child of his years ago. I have tested the fact every way, and by himself, also, and find that this girl is not Minette, but her twin sister. I noticed, at first, that this girl had a small mole upon the upper lip, one of the sort that is a birth-mark, and you well know that Minette was not thus disfigured. Pierre's daughter was stolen ten years ago, when eight years of age, by a war-party of Chinooks, with which tribe she now remains."

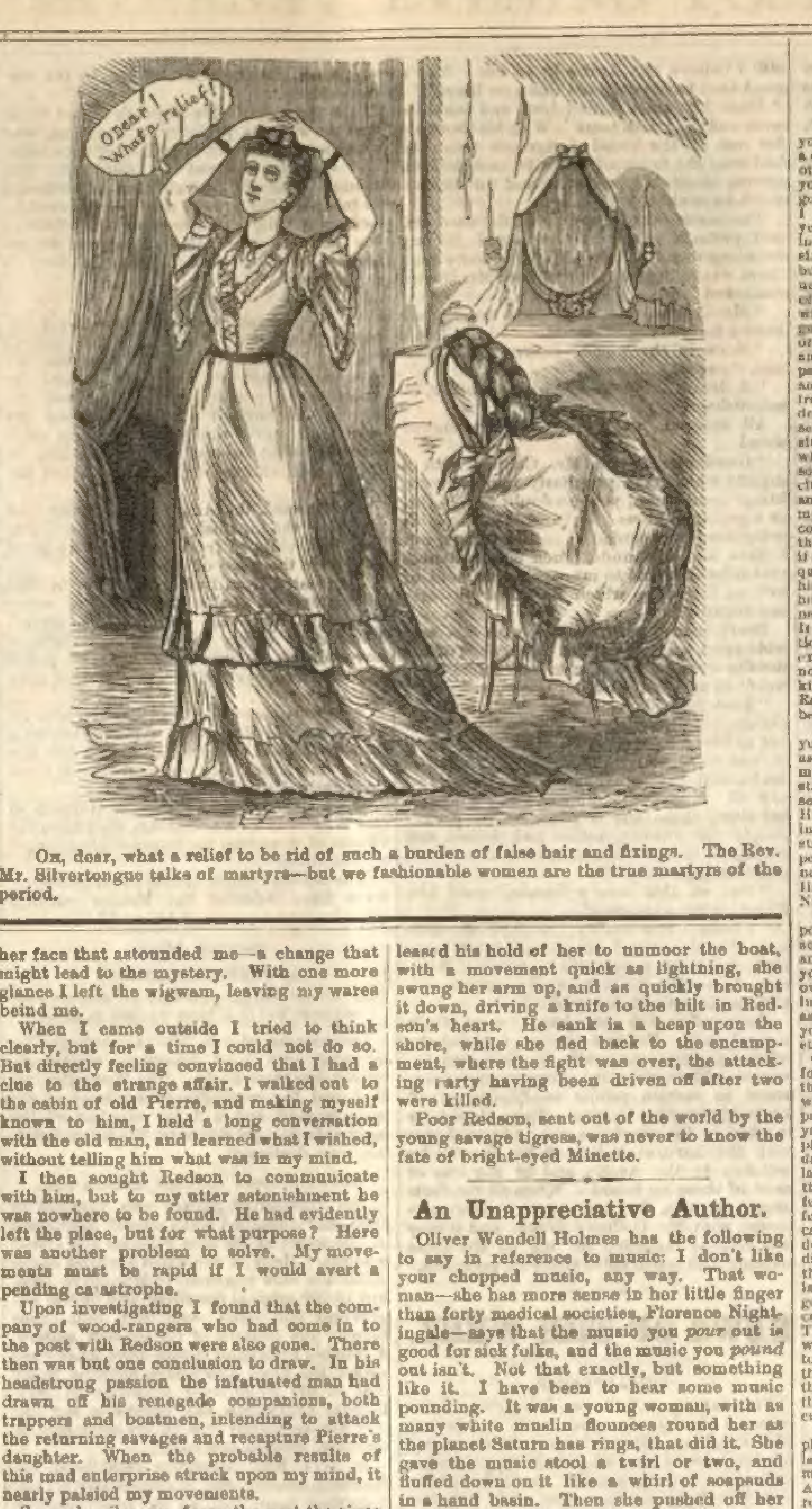
How did he receive my information? With a scoff he declared the story to be a well gotten-up savage lie; he even affirmed that I did not believe it myself. In vain I argued and besought him to give credence to the tale. His determination was unalterably fixed. The girl was his, and he would have her.

We had done what we could, and must leave him to his fate. Yet we could not go from the vicinity until we knew the result of the proposed attack. Noiselessly we crept away, and finally wound back down to the banks of the river, in the vicinity. A little ways off from the cove, where the trappers had moored their canoes, we found the boats of Redson's party.

Seeking a sheltered spot, we waited. It was past midnight when the uproar commenced by shots and whoops and savage yelps. We were too much offended at Redson's reckless conduct to feel like joining the conflict on either side, but yet we waited with bated breath the result.

While the conflict still raged furiously above, there was the sound of running feet close at hand, and in a moment we could descry in the faint starlight a form flying towards us. Not one person alone, either; for, as the fugitive came nearer, we made out that it was Redson with the girl in his arms. We sprang down the bank, and as he slightly released his hold of her to unmoor the boat, with a movement quick as lightning, she swung her arm up, and as quickly brought it down, driving a knife to the hilt in Redson's heart. He sank in a heap upon the shore, while she fled back to the encampment, where the fight was over, the attacking party having been driven off after two were killed.

Poor Redson, sent out of the world by the young savage tigress, was never to know the fate of bright-eyed Minette.



Oscar! What a relief!

OH, dear, what a relief to be rid of such a burden of false hair and fixings. The Rev. Mr. Silvertongue talks of martyrs—but we fashionable women are the true martyrs of the period.

An Unappreciative Author.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has the following to say in reference to music: I don't like your chopped music, any way. That woman—she has more sense in her little finger than forty medical societies, Florence Nightingale—says that the music you *pour* out is good for sick folks, and the music you *pound* out isn't. Not that exactly, but something like it. I have been to hear some music pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music stool a twirl or two, and fluffed down on it like a whirl of soapsuds in a hand basin. Then she pushed off her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the keyboard, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump, and another howl, as if the piano had two tails, and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music. I like to hear a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing, but these noises they hammer out of their wood and ivory anvils—don't talk to me, I know the difference between a bullfrog and a woodthrush.

SMALL DECEITS.

Men at first deceive, knowing it; but by the constant use of deception they cease to even know that they are doing it. Gradually it blinds the moral sense. And it is in this direction that great lies are less harmful than little ones. Men think that a great black lie is very culpable. I suppose it is. But when an armorer wishes by scouring to cut the very surface of metal down, what does he do? Take a bar of iron and rub it? No; he takes emery. Its particles are as small as a pin's point; and these he puts on, and by scouring he cuts down the surface—takes off the enamel.

You think that a great lie is a great sin, and a great shame to man; but after all, these little lies are more dangerous, because there are so many of them; and because each one of them is diamond-pointed. And these little petty untruths which are so small that you do not notice them, and so numerous that you cannot estimate them, are the ones that take off the very enamel of the moral sense—cut away its surface. And men become so accustomed to it, that they do not recognize that they are putting things in false lights, when, by word, by deed, by indirections, by exaggerations, by shifting the emphasis, by various dynamical means, they present things, not as they see them, but as they want to see them.—*Beecher.*

JEALOUSY.

Jealousy, says Arthur Helps, the well-known English essayist, is at once the meanest and the most unaccountable of vices. What belongs to us we shall have, inevitably, and what we want and have not we shall never win by unreason. If we are lovely we shall be loved; and if we are unlovely we shall not be loved, no matter whether any other takes our place or not. Jealousy of the wealth, the social importance, or the happiness of others is alike unaccountable and absurd. Your own house is not lowlier because your neighbor's is four stories high and brown stone. If he should fail, and have to give up his carriage, it would only crowd the horse-cars a little more, and by no means provide you with chaise or buggy. What is it in human nature that makes our poor fare seem poorer because our neighbor is eating roast duck and drinking champagne? To envy the love bestowed upon another is equally idle. Hearts keep their accounts, usually, with very tolerable fairness. We shall receive that of which we are worthy, no more—and what is our own by virtue of our desert no fate can take away.

ORIGIN OF AN OLD SAYING.—The well-known saying "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain," is said to have originated as follows: When Mahomet first declared his system of religion to the Arabs they demanded proofs of his miraculous power, such as Christians claimed for Jesus and Moses. Mahomet replied that it would be tempting God and provoking His wrath, to grant their demand. Nevertheless, he commanded Mount Sofa to come to him. Of course it didn't. Whereupon he exclaimed: "God is merciful! Had it obeyed my words it would have fallen on us to our destruction. I will therefore go to the mountain, and thank God that He has had mercy on a stiff-necked generation.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. M. (Philadelphia) writes: "As I have known you for the last twenty years, I feel as though I have a claim on you; such a one as one brother has on another. Therefore I feel no reluctance in applying to you for advice. For the last six years I have been going, going, but not yet gone, to some place where I could be employed, at least, eight months in the year. My business is an out-door one, and from the inclemency of the weather, I cannot make more than six months out of twelve. Ergo, am out of money to buy bread and meat at least two months of the year; unless, in fact, I should sell some of my goods at half of what they cost. But, my dear Post, this is just what I want to avoid, and in order to do so, think of going South, to Alabama or Georgia. I could raise or command three to four thousand dollars cash. I am a carpenter and builder, can do a good job of painting, and have farmed three years, am industrious and temperate in habits, and long to be in the country, free from steel cut steel, and hearts as hard. Now, dear Post, I have tried to show you a picture of myself. Can you tell me of any good place, in a healthy situation, in either of the above States, or Virginia, where I could find a home, with home comforts and society, in a town or village, rather near a thriving city. Above all, a place free from fever and ague, and where good workmen would be in demand. Now, my dear old-time friend and companion, you will confer a favor on me and many others by answering the above." We would be glad to oblige our friend, if in our power, but have too limited a personal acquaintance with the States named to safely advise him. His best mode of proceeding will be to acquaint himself with all the particulars obtainable from books, newspapers, &c., concerning the localities mentioned. If by these means he can discover a promising location, it will be best for him to go there in person and examine very carefully into its advantages. It would not be a safe proceeding to make a movement of this kind entirely on the recommendation of another. Each person knows his own needs best, and can judge best for himself.

I. R. W. (Louisville, Ga.) says: "I like to read your answers to correspondents, and would like to ask you one or two questions. I have bent or mashed my gold pen. Can you tell me where I can get it straightened and pointed, and the cost? Or shall I send it to you? Second, where is Hall's Journal of Health published? Is it weekly or monthly, or is it in book form?" Send your pen to the nearest stationer, with the request that he send it to a gold pen manufacturer and have it repaired. We should need to know the amount of injury to tell the cost. Hall's Journal of Health is a monthly, published in New York by W. W. Hall.

S. H., (Henry, Ill.) writes: "What is the most polite way of asking a young lady that you wish to accompany home?" State your wish as explicitly and as simply as possible. If the lady does not wish your company, flowery language will not win her over. "Miss ——, may I have the pleasure of escorting you home?" is as polite, short, and explicit a form as you can use. If not sufficiently expressive for your taste, you may vary it to suit taste and circumstances.

C. P. W. (Princeton, Ill.,) writes: "Why does smoke form in regular lines between the laths and beams in the ceiling? An electric current is transmitted by a wire only fifty miles. How can they then send a despatch across the ocean?" We do not understand your first question. Do you refer to the case of a plastered ceiling, which sometimes displays straight dark lines which appear to follow the lines of the laths within? These lines are probably caused by the action of dampness, which affects the ceiling differently in the parts touched by the wood. This difference in action on the moisture of the air would cause a difference in the rate of deposit of smoke or dust on the ceiling, and thus produce straight lines differing in shade. Your last question reminds us of the celebrated definition of the crab, by certain Italian philosophers, "The crab is a small red fish, which goes backward." Correct, with the slight errors that the crab is not red, is not a fish, and does not go backward. The fact that messages are sent across the ocean, in which there can be no way-stations, should be sufficient to show you that the electric current can be transmitted through much more than fifty miles of wire. In fact the limit of possible conduction is not yet known—the longest wires yet tested easily transmitting the current.

L. (Point Pleasant, N. J.,) writes: "Will you please inform a reader of your valuable paper, if there is an institution in Philadelphia for the surgical treatment of deformities, that is accessible to the poor? And if so please give its address, trusting it will interest others as well as your humble friend." There is what is known as the Orthopedic Hospital, an institution for the treatment of deformed and paralyzed limbs. It is at present located at the corner of Seventeenth and Summer Sts.

FRIENDSHIP, (Janesville, Vt.,) asks: "Do you know of anything that will develop or enlarge any member of the body, (the forehead, arms &c.,) also of anything that will shrink large joints? These questions are said by some to be unanswerable; but I write to you hoping to gain the required information." Your first question is certainly not unanswerable. Exercise is the panacea for lack of muscular development. Any limb or any special muscle may be enlarged by properly applied exercise. Witness, in evidence of this, the arms of a blacksmith. Mental exercise may possibly enlarge the forehead, though this is doubtful. Large joints are probably past care. We know of no remedy.

V. writes: "A subscriber to the Lady's Friend would like to know something in regard to the construction of an Eolian Harp, through the Post." An Eolian Harp may be formed by stretching strings of catgut or wire in parallel lines, over a box of thin deal, in the top of which sounding holes are cut. The box should be made to fit the opening of a window, so that, when the sash is closed nearly down upon it, there will be no entrance for the air except above the box.

MRS. E. D. (Equinunk, Pennsylvania) writes: "Why is it that the royal family of England are invariably called by their Christian name? It is George II, or George III. William IV. Prince Albert, Victoria, &c. There must be a family name, and what is it? 2d. Is Miss Douglas's book called Lucia, the same as the story published in the Post called 'Under a Ban?' If so, why is the title changed?" As royalty often continues for centuries in the same family, it is necessary to distinguish the successive monarchs by their Christian name, and by number where several bear the same name. Moreover, every subject is supposed to know the family name. That of the English monarchs is Guelf or Guelph. The family was originally a noble Italian family, which afterwards rose to royalty in Germany. It yet exists in the two branches of the Brunswick house, the royal in England and the ducal in Germany. We believe it is the same story. We suppose the publishers of the book did not like the name originally given to the story.

J. W. C. (Yelm Prairie, W. T.) says: "Please inform me whether the novelets, 'Dene Hollow,' 'Heatherley Grange,' and 'Skate the Scout,' are to be printed in novel form. If so, please let me know where they can be obtained, and at what price." Dene Hollow has been printed, and can be obtained of any bookseller, price $1.75. The others, as yet, exist only in the columns of the Post.

BETTO, (Illinois) writes: "I have picked up scraps of useful information from your correspondents' column, and now take the liberty of asking a question or two. In the first place what is the Alabama claim? And is it likely that we will soon be at war with England? 2d. do you think my writing good enough for a bookkeeper? I can also write a sort of backhand, which looks neater to me than this, but which is slow and tedious. Which style of writing would you advise me to cultivate? Will you give me the correct pronunciation of the words soubriquet and canaille, and the meaning of the latter? I am not certain that I have spelled them correctly." The Alabama claim is a claim of the United States Government for damages done to American shipping by the privateer Alabama, in the late war. This vessel was permitted to sail from an English port, her object, it is held, being well-known; hence the English government is regarded as responsible for the loss sustained. It is very unlikely that there will be war with England on this account, though it is always well to have such national difficulties settled, as little sparks are often blown up by the winds of passion into great fires. Your handwriting is very fair. You had better cultivate your ordinary hand. The words given are pronounced soo-bre-kay, and ka-nale. You have spelt them correctly. The latter means the lowest classes of the people. It comes from the Latin canis, meaning dog.

VIOLA (Pedricktown, N. J.,) says: "I thought I would ask a few questions. 1st. What is the proper name of the first entrance of a church, vestibue, or vestibule? 2d. And do you think it looks proper for young ladies to sit in church during the service, and be staring round at the young men? 3d. And if you were a young man and were to see a young lady of that description do you think you would like to have the pleasure of escorting her home?" Vestibule is the proper spelling. If we were a young man, and some young ladies we have known were to stare at us in church, we fear we should consider it eminently proper; but decidedly improper for them to stare at any one else. In fact we have been young in our time, and have been so treated by the ladies, and have felt indescribable feelings thereby occasioned, and have been so remiss in our duty as to gladly escort them home afterward.

OLD SUBSCRIBER (West Philada.) writes: "I wish to ask you a question—one dear to that numerous class, the lovers of 'goodies.' Has the crop of maple sugar utterly failed? I have tried for several months past to buy maple sugar in the great city of Philadelphia—but tried in vain. Now, my dear Post, if you can answer this question you will oblige." We have heard of no failure in the crop of maple sugar, and can only account for its present scarcity on the grounds of an unusually brisk demand. The sweet tooth of the great American public must have developed an excess of saccharinity during the past year, to have so utterly exhausted the maple sugar crop. There is this alleviation of your difficulty, however, that the maples are beginning to feel the sweet influences of the coming spring, and that very soon the honeyed sap will be in full flow up their long-empty veins. Then the sugar camp will be again in full play, and soon the crystallized sweetness of our spring woods will be borne from end to end of the land, to gladden the palates of the lovers of goodies.

I. W. F. (Fisher, Pa.,) writes: "I wish to enquire through the columns of your very valuable paper, if —— (we omit name and place), are a reliable firm; as I have no way of finding out except through your kindness. By answering the above you will greatly oblige a new but nevertheless a great admirer of the Post." It is entirely out of our province to answer questions of this character. We cannot be supposed to know the business standing of strange parties in distant cities, and cannot vouch for the reliability of any business firm. The rating of the parties mentioned, by the mercantile agencies, we believe is good; and so far as these ratings are to be depended on, they are, we infer, a reliable firm. Further we cannot say.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 61 letters.

My 46, 8, 15, 44, 33, 8, 22, 6, is the name of a tree.

My 20, 13, 14, 18, 69, 28, 55, 61, 31, 50, 60, 36, is an optical instrument.

My 1, 58, 23, 21, 18, is a musical instrument.

My 4, 45, 48, 33, 57, is necessary to commence.

My 6, 10, 24, 51, 42, 11, is a name for morning prayers.

My 30, 37, 26, 39, 41, 25, is a book of the Bible.

My 43, 17, 60, 36, 58, 15, 49, 53, 9, is one who appeals from a lower to a higher court.

My 43, 12, 47, 27, 2, 49, 56, was the name of Saul's wife.

My 32, 39, 16, 10, was the father of Saul.

My 54, 8, 18, 40, 34, 13, 57, is a day of the week.

My 11, 51, 25, 50, 35, was a King of the Amorites.

M. B.

BURIED PLACES.

1. The moon shone bright on tower and tree.
2. The sun shone hot, and over the dusty plain the traveller hasted.
3. Albania then sang of bright sunny fields.
4. The long looked-for come at last.
5. The boys have gone to the menagerie to-day.
6. John played for Caleb a variation on the guitar.
7. I love the dark gray sober lined clouds.
8. We will arrive at the Island of Lobos to-night.
9. "Behold!" he said, "what can a day bring forth?"
10. The artist said, "please raise your chin a little more."
11. Murder is a crime and will be punished.
12. Aunt Sue gave Maud a nubia for a Christmas gift.
13. Grandfather will come to-night without fail.
14. The murderer broke jail and escaped.
15. May is the best girl in school.
16. The bridesmaids were richly attired.

W. H. MORROW,
Manor Station, Pa.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

There is a spring in a triangular meadow, 50 rods from the north corner; a line from this corner to the spring makes an angle of 35 degrees with the eastern side, and an angle of 40 degrees with the western side. It is required to run a line across this meadow, through the spring, so as to cut off the least possible quantity of land. Determine the points where this line will intersect the eastern and western sides of the meadow.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Erie, Erie Co., Pa.

QUESTION.

A. purchased a quantity of flour on September 1; October 1, its value had increased 25 per cent.; November 1, its value was 30 per cent.; more than October 1. December 1, he sold it for 15 per cent. less than its value on November 1, receiving in payment a six months' note, which he got discounted at a bank at 7 per cent., receiving $129 50, on it.

How much was his profit on the flour?

☞ An answer is requested.

W. H. MORROW,
Manor Station, Pa.

QUESTION.

A. and B. sent each a hog to market, A's weighing 400 and B's 300 pounds. They were both sold at 7 cents per pound, but A's being the larger he claimed ½ cent per pound more than B. had which B. allowed. How much money does each man have, and what is the price per pound of each hog.

☞ An Answer is requested.

E. E. WOOD.
Passumpsic, Vt.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the ladies' saloon the best place for a quiet smoke? Because there is no smoking loud (allowed) there.

What bird was most feared by Hebrew children of old? Herod.

Why is a bill sticker like a gambler? Because he does nothing but placard, (play-cards.)

Which are the smallest insects mentioned in the Scriptures? The widow's *mite*, and the wicked *flee*.

What is the difference between a general in his military cloak and a donkey? Not much, you will say, perhaps—because they both have braid.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA.—Baltimore.

RECEIPTS.

FRIED BEEFSTEAK.—Heat the spider before putting in the beef, cut off most of the fat, season the fat with pepper and salt, before frying; put the steak into the hot spider, and fry as quickly as possible; when the beef is turned, sprinkle on a little salt and pepper; mix a little flour and water together in the proportion of half a teaspoonful of water to a half teaspoonful of flour; take out the meat and scraps of fat, and stir in the flour and water; let the gravy brown a little, and pour it over the beef. Serve with fried potatoes, if convenient; if not, with mashed.

BEEFSTEAK GRAVY.—For one slice of sirloin steak, take half a teacup of butter; set the platter over a kettle of hot water; cut the butter in bits, if very salt, very little if any salt will be needed; dust on a little pepper, and add two tablespoonsful of hot water. Save all the blood from the steak possible to add to the gravy, without pressing the beef. Be careful it does not boil, as it would become oily, and taste like stewed steak more than broiled. If the gridiron is bright, and the juice of the meat caught by it is not burned, add it to the gravy; but it is seldom, indeed, that it is in a fit state for anything. Use the sweetest butter for steaks; there is no cooking injured more by poor butter than steak, as the gravy does not boil to throw off its imperfections, as in most other preparations for the table.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—Bake the above as you would for a jelly cake; spread between each cake icing beaten one hour, flavored with lemon-juice, vanilla or bitter almond, and ice the last over the top.

MRS. F.'S FRUIT CUP CAKE.—One cup of sweet butter and three of nice sugar worked to a cream, five well-beaten eggs, the yolks, and afterward the whites, a glass of brandy or wine, half a nutmeg, half a dozen cloves, and a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Pulverize a teaspoonful of soda, and mix it in five cups of sifted flour, and stir the flour in the cake. Flour one pound of washed currants, and mix them in, and afterward one pound of seeded raisins cut once and rubbed in flour; stir it well, and just before baking add a cup of sour cream. Do not beat it much after the cream is in, but thoroughly mix, and bake immediately. It will take one hour to bake. Frost while a little warm. It will keep fresh some time. Do not cut it the day it is baked. This is an old but excellent receipt.